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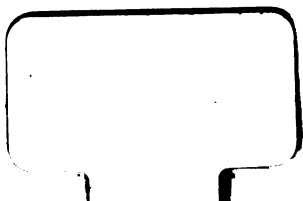
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*"Some Stories"  
of  
Famous Men*





HARVARD  
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George B. Smith.

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# Some Stories

By Famous Men

As told by

Brand Whitlock  
Sir Gilbert Parker  
J. P. Morgan, Jr.  
Glenn Curtis  
Mayor Mitchell  
General Wood

Admiral Lord Fisher  
Henry Ford  
Arthur Brisbane  
Samuel Gompers  
Hon. Lloyd-George  
Robert M. Lansing

and over 150 others

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Illustrated

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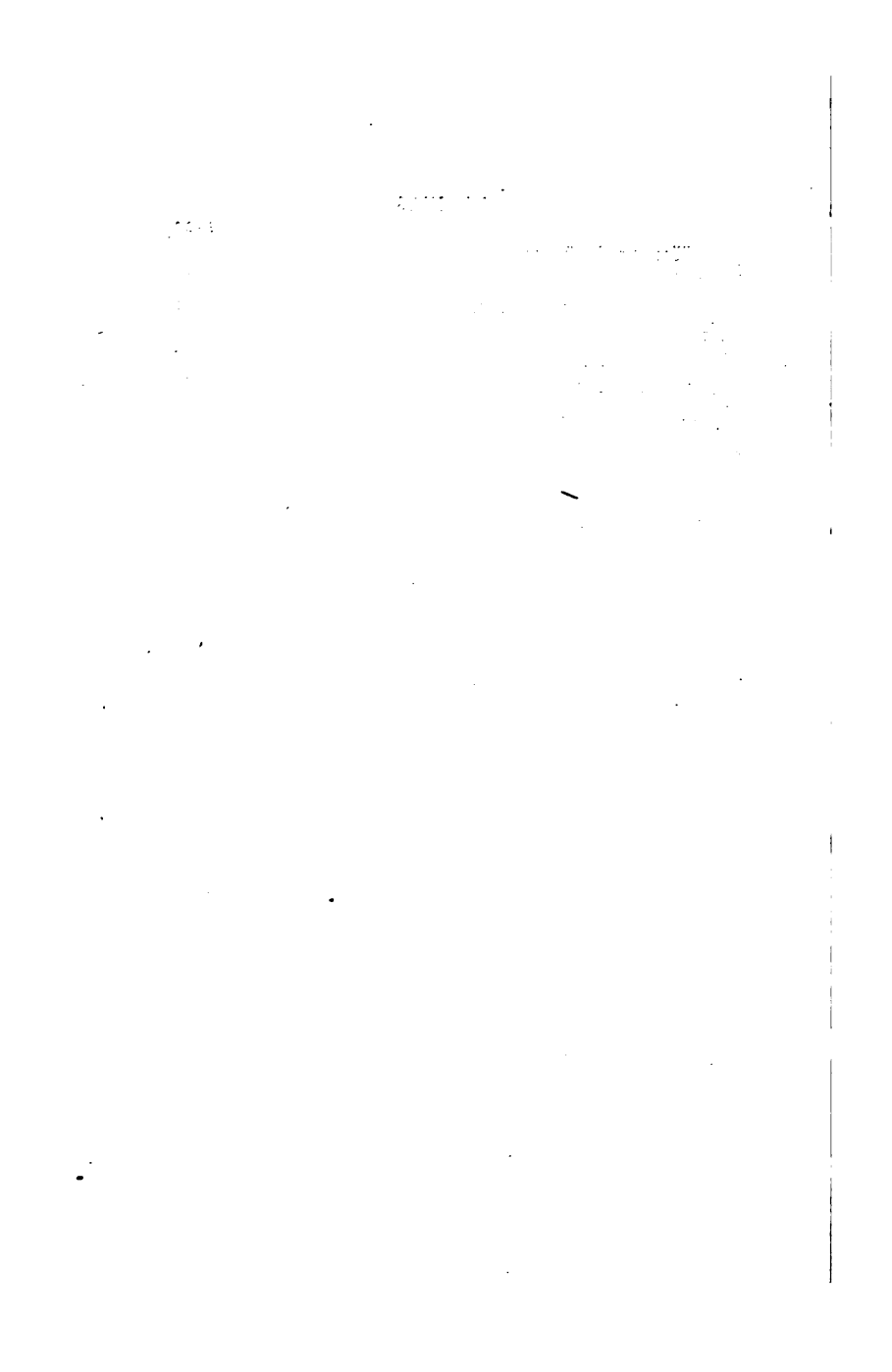
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## Some Stories

AMBASSADOR BRAND WHITLOCK vouches for this tourist story:

The line of carriages containing the members of the "Personally Conducted, Seeing Europe in Thirty Days," had come to a stop before the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, and this conversation was overheard in one of the carriages containing two women:

"Mother, is this Rome?"

The answer came in a tired, "toured-to-death" tone of voice: "What day of the week is it, my dear?"

"This is Tuesday. Why?"

"Well, if it is Tuesday, it *must* be Rome."



On one occasion GOVERNOR "DICK" OGLESBY went down to Joliet to inspect the State prison, and in one of the cells he found a very ugly man. "How did you get in here?" asked Oglesby.

"Abduction," was the reply. "I tried to run off with a girl, and they caught me."

"I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the Governor; "I don't see how you could expect to get a wife in any other way."



The eternal feminine, according to DOROTHY DIX, is well illustrated in this anecdote.

Little Janet came running into the house one morning, sobbing. Throwing herself into her mother's arms, she cried:

"God doesn't love me any more, mother!"

"Why, Janet, dear," said the mother. "Why do you say that? God loves every one."

"No, mother, He doesn't love me," wailed the little girl. "I know He doesn't. I tried Him with a daisy!"

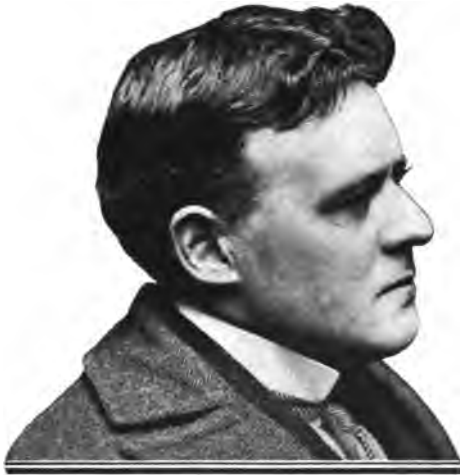


FREEMAN TILDEN, teller of stories, remarking once that all men are barbarians at heart and civilisation is really just a veneer which in the time of stress is quickly forgotten, brought to droll proof the case of Private Dillon and the sergeant:

"Dillon was a private in an English regiment during the South African war. During one particularly hot engagement he was discovered by the sergeant in a hole, well out of the way of even a stray shot, when he should have been actively engaged with the enemy.

"'Come out of that hole!' commanded the sergeant, sternly. 'Come out of it, this minute!'

"Dillon's broad Irish face looked up at the sergeant with stubborn resistance written on every feature. 'You may be my superior officer,' he cried, 'but, all th' same, Oi'm th' wan that found this hole first!'"



HILAIRE BELLOC does not believe in feminism; nevertheless, he likes this story.

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man."

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Then you must be as strong as a man! And you wouldn't let a man beat you — not even if he was your husband — would you?"

"Indeed, I wouldn't," the missionary said.

Then the oldest said, softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid."

COLONEL HOUSE, President Wilson's "unofficial ambassador," has a good story to show that there are two sides to every question.

Some time ago, a travelling man, waiting in a retail store in Richmond to speak to the buyer, said to an elderly coloured woman:

"Aunty, what is the population of Richmond?"

"What's dat, boss?"

"I said, about how many people live in Richmond?"

"Oh, dat's what you-all wants to know. Well, boss, I don't 'zac'ly know, but I 'spects about a hundred and twenty-five thousand, countin' de whites."



CORRA HARRIS believes in the power of women, but not in militancy. This is how she thinks women can get their way.

"Madam," said the man in the street-car, "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I've recently joined the Sit Still Club."

"That's all right, sir," replied the woman. "And you must excuse me for staring at you so hard: I am a member of the Stand and Stare Club."

She proved herself so active and conscientious a member that the man began to feel uncomfortable under the gaze. Finally he rose and said: "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours."

SIR GILBERT PARKER, speaking of the complexities of the English language, gave an example of how dialects add to the difficulty. A friend of his while in London inquired in a shop if they had any fresh eggs.

"Yes, mum, plenty," said the clerk; "them with a hen on 'em are fresh."

"I don't see any with a hen on them," said Mrs. X., looking around for a nest.

"The letter 'hen,' mum, not the bird. 'Hen' stands for 'noo-laid,' mum."



I. R. SHERWOOD, Democratic Congressman from Ohio, tells this story:

A friend of his had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day.

"Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?"

"Vall," said Jake slowly, "I think I must go by mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday."

After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached his boss for a day off.

"All right, Jake, but what are you going to do this time?"

"Aber," said Jake, "I go to make me, mit mein fraulein, a wedding."

"What? So soon? Why, it's only been three weeks since you buried your wife."

"Ach!" replied Jake, "I don't hold spite long."

**DR. RUPERT BLUE**, Surgeon-General of the United States, believes in progress, but likes a joke at the expense of his profession, too. He tells this one:

A doctor told his patient that what she needed was a good hearty meal at night and then to stop thinking about her stomach.

"But, doctor, only two months ago you told me to avoid dinner at night, and to take a light supper instead."

"Oh, did I?" replied her medical adviser, reflectively. "Well, that shows what marvellous strides medical science is making."



**DR. FRANK CRANE** has a suspicion that form letters are sometimes dangerous. Not long ago he wrote a letter of complaint to a Western railroad explaining in detail why he had preferred to sit up all night in a smoking compartment rather than share his berth with a fine line of bugs that are not called by their first name in polite society. The letter of apology that he received was so much of an apology and so reasonable an explanation, that Dr. Crane felt perhaps he had been unreasonable in filing his complaint, when he happened to notice that his original letter, through error, had been returned with the letter of apology. Looking at it, he saw scrawled across the top this blue-pencil indorsement:

"Send this guy the bedbug letter."

J. P. MORGAN, JR., like most rich men, maintains that money is not everything. Since the recent attempt to assassinate him the following story appeals to him:

A "cub" reporter on a New York newspaper was sent to Paterson to write the story of the murder of a rich manufacturer by thieves. He spread himself on the details and naïvely concluded his account with this sentence:

"Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all of his money in the bank the day before, so he lost practically nothing but his life."



"BIG SIX" MATHEWSON, for years King of the Twirlers, told this story at an impromptu reception one night:

"The teacher of the class in English had demanded that the pupils all write for their daily exercise a short account of a baseball game. One youngster sat through the period, seemingly wrapped in thought, while the others all turned in their narratives. After the school the teacher, impatient and disgusted at the laggard, offered him only five minutes to write the description, with a thrashing as an alternative. The boy concentrated all his attention upon the theme in hand, as the teacher counted his remaining moments. At the last, he scratched a line on his tablet, and with a sigh of relief handed it to his master. It read, 'Rain — no game.'"

HUDSON MAXIM compares those who oppose preparedness to the wife in this story. A family quarrel was raging, and the husband said: "You charge me with reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

"Why, there's that fire-extinguisher you bought a year ago; we've never used it once," said the wife.



CAPTAIN FINCH of the *Arabic*, who never had an accident, unless a torpedo is an accident, tells this story to show how full of chances life is.

A wealthy American who has a home in Scotland to which he returns in the winter, bought an expensive fur cap in this country to give to his gamekeeper. Two years ago last winter he took it over and presented it to the old man, who was delighted with it.

The cap was very serviceable, having ear-flaps, and would wear almost a lifetime. The next winter the American again returned to Scotland, and noticed to his surprise that the old man did not wear the fur cap.

"What is the matter with the cap I gave you last winter?" he asked.

"I haven't worn it since the accident," replied the old gamekeeper.

The man from Brockville pondered. "You didn't write me concerning any accident," he said.

"No?" mused the gamekeeper. "A mon offered me a glass of whisky and I didn't hear him."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB brought this story back after a visit to Skibo Castle:

A gentleman who was spending a month in the Highlands went to hire a carriage for the purpose of taking his family for a drive. He looked at a vehicle and inquired how many it would hold. The hostler scratched his head thoughtfully and replied:

"It hauls four generally, but six if they're weel acquaint!"



ETHEL BARRYMORE is fond of telling this story of her father:

The late Maurice Barrymore was the idol of the "Lambs" during his lifetime, and even now the members of that club take delight in citing instances of his ready sympathy or sprightly wit.

One day, so the story goes, Barrymore was swinging down Fifth Avenue when Sidney Rosenfeld, the playwright, rushed up to him, all excitement.

"Oh, Maurice," he wailed, "have you heard of my misfortune?"

"No," Barrymore sympathised; "is there illness in your family?"

"Not that," said Rosenfeld; "but almost as bad. My little boy, five years of age, got hold of my new play and tore it to tatters."

"I didn't know the child could read," said Barrymore — and continued his walk.



GLENN CURTISS says that aviation is not so dangerous as people think. The dangers down below are much greater at times, and the aviator is in the position of the small boy who, turning a corner at full speed, collided with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my little man?" asked the minister, when he had regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished minister. "Are you eager to have your mother spank you that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before pa he'll do it!"



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY declares this happened in his home town in Ohio:

A family which had only recently come into great wealth bought a huge country estate. One day at a reception the wife was telling of the new purchase. "It's all so interesting," she gushed. "We're to have our own cattle and horses and pigs and hens —"

"Oh, hens?" interrupted another guest. "And they'll lay fresh eggs for you!"

"I don't know," was the rather frigid response. "Of course our hens can work if they want to, but situated as we are, it really won't be necessary."

DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS thinks the layman expects too much of science. He says it reminds him of this story.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."



Without tact, says AMBASSADOR WALTER HINES PAGE, good intentions are useless. For instance, a man the Ambassador once knew, would never have done as a diplomat. This man was invited to see the first born son of an old friend, and the fond mother of the infant asked him:

"Which side of the house do you think the baby resembles?"

"Why," said the tactless one, "I can't say that he looks very much like the side of a house at all, to me."

DR. GOLDWATER tells this story, to show the need of prudence in guarding health:

A blacksmith in a small Connecticut town who occasionally goes on protracted sprees was seen figuring on the barn door and later throwing five bushels of corn on the ear into the pen where he had six hogs; and as he turned away he was heard to say:

"There, blast you, if you are prudent that will last ye!"



MAYOR MITCHEL, in his off hours from soldiering, likes a good story and tells it well. This is one of his latest.

A Tennessee mountaineer, not in the "moonshine" belt, went to town, and among other things he bought a jug of whisky. Not wanting to carry it about with him, he decided to leave it at a grocery-store for a while.

In order that the jug might be properly identified, he took a deck of cards from his pocket, extracted the five of hearts, wrote his name upon it, and attached it to the handle of the jug.

Two hours later the mountaineer returned. The jug was gone!

"Look here, Jim," he cried to the proprietor of the store, "do you know what become of thet jug o' mine?"

"Sure," rejoined the proprietor, "Jake Harwell came along with the six of hearts and took it."



**REX BEACH** declares this occurred in an Alaskan restaurant. A large, hungry miner, just arrived from the interior, had ordered a sirloin steak.

"How did you find that piece of steak, sir?" asked the smiling waiter, in anticipation of a liberal tip.

"I really don't know," said the large man, gazing at his plate. "I just happened to move that little piece of potato, and there the steak was, under it."

As JUDGE CAMPBELL FLOURNOY, of Washington, tells the story, a new preacher down in rural Kentucky called on one of his fold, an aged and bedridden lady, to sound her out on questions of creed.

"Sister," he inquired, by way of a starter, "do you believe in the doctrine of Falling from Grace."

The old dame's eyes rolled heavenward.

"Brother," she said, "I not only believes in hit, but I bless the good Lord that I practises hit!"



WALTER TRAVERS, just to prove that he can think of other things than golf, tells a good fish story.

At the Capitol one day a California Representative was discoursing on the sport of fishing for tuna off the Pacific coast.

"We go out in small motor-boats," said the Representative, "and fish with a long line baited with flying fish. Any thing less than a hundred-pound tuna isn't considered good sport."

Just then a coloured messenger, who had been listening, stepped up.

"'Scuse me, suh," said he, wide-eyed, "but did I understand yo' to say dat yo' went fishin' fo' hundred-pound fish in a little motah-boat?"

"Yes," said the Congressman, with a smile, "we go out frequently."

"But," urged the darky, "ain't yo' 'feared yo' might ketch one?"

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, the famous explorer, was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the Pilgrims in New York. Apropos of a piece of geographical ignorance which he had encountered, he said:

"It was incredible. It reminded me of a little waiting maid.

"As she brought me my tea and toast and bloater one morning I said to her:

"‘What a rainy morning, Mary! It’s almost like the flood.’

"‘The flood, sir?’ said the little maid. She looked at me with a puzzled smile.

"‘Yes,’ said I. ‘The flood — Noah, you know — the Ark, Mount Ararat.’

"She shook her head and murmured apologetically, ‘I ain’t had no time to read the papers lately, sir.’"



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE said of a notorious financier the other day:

"He got rather a setback in a talk he had last session with one of our men.

"‘Money?’ he said. ‘Bah! There are thousands of ways of making money.’

"‘Yes, but only one honest way,’ our man remarked.

"‘What way’s that?’

"‘I thought you wouldn’t know it,’ was the reply.”

MR. JAMES OPPENHEIM, the novelist, is very fond of lobster. During a recent visit to New York he was seen every night bending his keen visage over the great scarlet shells and extracting the snowy meat.

One night his waiter brought him a lobster that lacked a claw.

"I say, waiter," he complained, "there's a claw missing here."

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter; "two fellows got into a fight down-stairs, and this one lost a flipper."

Pushing back his plate, Mr. Oppenheim commanded, "Take him away and bring me the winner!"



RICHARD A. BALLINGER, former Secretary of the Interior, tells of his first law case, which he had at Kankakee, Illinois.

"My shingle had been hanging out for a good while before any client arrived," he said. "Finally, one came. He was a weak, meek being whom three determined women had married in rapid succession, and he was being tried for bigamy. As all of the wives appeared against him we lost the case, and he got a term of two years, but this did not seem to worry him — in fact, he seemed anxious for more. He was taken to the penitentiary, and just before his term ended I got a letter from him. 'Do you think it will be safe for me to come out?'"

DR. HARVEY S. WILEY has learned from experience that many things are not what they seem, and tells this story in proof:

"Now, Dorothy," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what a panther is?"

"Yeth, ma'am," lisped Dorothy. "A panther ith a man that makths panths."



J. B. McCUTCHEON, the cartoonist, picks this as one of his favourite stories.

In a certain small Ohio town lives a skin-and-bones man named, for convenience and to avoid libel, Bill Skinner. During a large evening downtown, some one drew a gun and fired at random into a crowd of merry-makers. The bullet struck Bill Skinner in the thigh.

At once a deputation of citizens started on a run for the nearest and indeed the only doctor. It was long after midnight. They beat on the door and yelled, and finally a second-story window was raised and the doctor's head appeared. It looked in the moonlight like the head of a man himself recently returned from a big time.

"Hey! Doc! Come down," called one of the deputation. "Bill Skinner's been shot."

"Howzat? Bill Skinner? Where was he hit?"

"In the leg."

"Well, well," said Doc, closing his window, "some shootin'!"



GENERAL LEONARD WOOD told this story in the course of a speech advocating stronger organisation for national defence. Some years ago the Kaiser, visiting Switzerland, was present at a review of some of the Swiss troops. He praised their soldierly looks but added: "Still, the Swiss army at most can only muster three hundred thousand men. What would you do if I sent nine hundred thousand of my brave soldiers against you?"

"Then," said the Swiss commander courteously, "we should each have to shoot three times, your Majesty."



GOVERNOR EBERHART, of Minnesota, during an address, told the following story of his own experience:

"Once while travelling through my State I was noticing in particular the great amount of waste that was going on about me. During the afternoon I was going into the dining-car, which was crowded, so I sat down near one end of the car, opposite a fleshy lady, who I thought weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds.

"As I looked past the lady through the car window, not noticing her particularly, I was impressed by the vast amount of farm machinery that was unsheltered and exposed to the weather and could not help but remark, 'What a waste!'

"The lady opposite me faced me squarely and said, 'Mister, you just mind your own business.'"

HENRY VAN DYKE, the poet ambassador, is a keen sportsman, and has been since his youth. In his younger days he spent considerable time with rod or gun, and his companion was generally his brother Paul. On one occasion they were out gunning for reed-birds and after a long fruitless tramp they came finally to a little brook where they discovered a specimen of the game they were after. Henry, who was carrying the gun, immediately plumped down on his stomach, and drew a careful bead on the bird. Paul Van Dyke watched the point of the gun follow the bird's movements for a second or two, and then he broke forth:

"Henry, what are you doing? You surely aren't going to shoot at that bird while he's walking?"

"No, Paul," answered Henry composedly, "I'm going to wait till he stops."



SENATOR THEODORE C. BURTON, whose pet ambition is to take the Rivers and Harbours work out of politics, says that politicians do not understand moderation. They are like the young man in this story.

"Don't you think that after a girl has been taken to the theatre, given bonbons, and treated to a good supper, she should let the young man kiss her good-night?" the young man asked.

"Huh! I should think he'd done quite enough for her," said his grouchy old uncle.

JUDGE JOSEPH BUCKNER LAMAR, of Georgia, who has recently been appointed to the Supreme Bench, tells the following story:

When his children were young they were often warned against playing on the lawn when it was damp. The frequency with which this warning had to be repeated seemed to indicate that it had made very little impression upon the youngsters, until one day when his little son was learning the Golden Text for the next Sunday-school lesson.

" 'Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,' " the boy repeated to his father, " 'for the ground whereon thou standest is — is —' "

" Is what, son? " said the judge.

" Is damp," suggested the little boy.



SIR MAX AITKEN lived in the West in his early days, not so very long ago, and this is one of his reminiscences.

Scene: A frontier café lunch counter.

" What's yours? "

" Coffee and rolls, my girl."

One of those iron-heavy, quarter-inch thick mugs of coffee was pushed over the counter. The future financier took it, and looked under the mug and over it.

" But where is the saucer? " he enquired.

" We don't give no saucers here. If we did some low-brow 'd come pilin' in an' drink out of his saucer, an' we'd lose a lot of our swellest trade."

CHARLES M. FLOYD, while he was governor of New Hampshire, lost Colonel Ward, of his staff, and there was an unseemly scramble for the office, even while the colonel's body was awaiting burial. One candidate even called upon Governor Floyd.

"Governor," he asked, "have you any objections to my taking Colonel Ward's place?"

"No," replied the governor, "I have no objection if the undertaker is willing."



ADMIRAL LORD FISHER, late head of the British navy, spent many years of his service in Oriental waters, and told this story at a dinner recently.

"If you should visit a Japanese house," he said, "you would be obliged to remove your shoes at the doorway. Japanese floors are very beautifully kept. I know of some houses where thirty or forty servants have no other duty than the polishing of the floors.

"A young Japanese student studying in London had the misfortune to live in an apartment-house where the janitor did not keep the hall in very good condition. It was a great change to him, and he felt it keenly. On the approach of winter the janitor put up in the entrance the notice, 'Please wipe your feet.'

"The young Japanese, the first time he observed this notice, took out a pencil, and added to it, 'On going out.'"

LORD MINTO, Viceroy of India, said recently that nothing could surpass in delicacy the reply made to him by one of his servants.

"Well, what kind of sport has our distinguished guest had?" he asked the man who attended an American visitor.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindu, "the young sahib shot divinely but Providence was very merciful to the birds."



GUSTAV FROHMAN still recalls the days of "trouping" through the South, and when some one recently asked him:

"What kind of a plant is the Virginia creeper?"

"It isn't a plant; it's a railroad," he replied absently.



HENRY FORD harks back to the age of horses only to tell this unkind tale.

An old farmer who had driven into the neighbouring village to make a few purchases took back with him rather more hard cider than was consistent with careful driving. While going down a steep hill his horse stumbled, fell flat in the road, and refused to get up. The farmer looked at him a moment over the dashboard, then exclaimed:

"Git up, you old fool! Git up, or I'll drive right over you!"



BOOTH TARKINGTON is always at his best telling a negro story. This is one of the gems of his large collection.

A large, slouchy coloured man went shuffling down the road whistling like a lark. His clothes were ragged and his shoes were out at toes and heels, and he appeared to be in the depths of poverty for all his mirth.

As he passed a prosperous-looking house a man stepped from the doorway and hailed him. "Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?"

"No, sah," said the ragged one, "I done *got* a quarter."

IRVING BACHELLER, the author of "Eben Holden," went a little farther north than usual last summer while on his vacation, and penetrated Newfoundland. He caught a good many fish, but this did not prevent his keeping an eye upon the natives. He was particularly impressed by the men who spent the day lounging about the village store.

"What do you fellows do when you sit around the store like this?" he asked of the crowd arranged in a circle on tilted chairs and empty boxes and maintaining a profound silence.

"Well," drawled one of the oldest, "sometimes we set and think, and then again other times we just set."



ARTHUR BRISBANE, the famous editor, though an advocate of woman's rights, believes mere man should have some rights also. He tells a story of the subjection of man.

It was a wizened little man who appeared before the judge and charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half was a big, square-jawed woman, with a determined eye.

"In the first place, where did you meet this woman who has treated you so dreadfully?" asked the judge.

"Well," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife. "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

JOHN R. McLEAN, owner of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and the *Washington Post*, tells this story of the days when he was actively in charge of the Cincinnati newspaper: An *Enquirer* reporter was sent to a town in southwestern Ohio to get the story of a woman evangelist who had been greatly talked about. The reporter attended one of her meetings and occupied a front seat. When those who wished to be saved were asked to arise, he kept his seat and used his notebook. The evangelist approached, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Come to Jesus."

"Madam," said the newspaper man, "I'm here solely on business — to report your work."

"Brother," said she, "there is no business so important as God's."

"Well, maybe not," said the reporter; "but you don't know John R. McLean."



SIR EDWARD GREY was a barrister before he was a cabinet minister, and recalls this story of his circuit days.

The judge did not seem to appreciate the remarks of the lawyer for the defence. (Several years before they had had a fight over the question of religion.) At last the judge interrupted the lawyer and said, "Do you not know that everything you are saying is going in one ear and out the other?" The lawyer turned to him and replied, "Your honour, what is to prevent?"



GENERAL FRED D. GRANT, talking about a certain military ruling to which he is strenuously opposed, said that its reasoning reminded him of that of Corporal Sandhurst when drilling one day a batch of raw recruits.

"Why is it," the old corporal asked a bright-looking chap, "that the blade of your saber is curved instead of straight?"

"In order, sir," answered the recruit, "to give more force to the blow."

"Nonsense!" cried Sandhurst. "It's so the blade will go in the scabbard, you idiot!"



SIR WILFRID LAURIER among his political memories treasures this episode.

A political meeting was on in a certain town and Sir Wilfrid was to speak. The hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason, it was impossible to open the windows, and one had to be broken.

It was feared that the noise would startle the audience and perhaps throw them into a panic. The mayor of the town stepped forward to give warning. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor, and overwhelmed him with cries of "Laurier! Laurier!"

Silence was not restored till the infuriated official yelled at the top of his voice:

"I'm not going to make a speech! I have something to say!"

PHILANDER C. KNOX, when Secretary of State, told, at a reception at Valley Forge, of an impudent politician.

"The impudence with which he demands his favours," said Mr. Knox, "reminds me of the impudence of young John Gaines, a Brownsville boy.

"One winter day in Brownsville the skating was good, and a game of hockey was proposed. John Gaines, his skates over his arm, rang the bell of one of our oldest inhabitants, an 1812 veteran with a wooden leg.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but are you going out to-day?'

"'No, I believe not,' replied the veteran kindly. 'Why do you ask, my son?'

"'Because if you are not,' said John Gaines, 'I'd like to borrow your wooden leg to play hockey with.'"



SAMUEL GOMPERS, the labour leader, speaking of the unneutral propaganda which he has tried to discountenance in the unions, told this story.

"Why don't you organise with us Turks and Bulgarians and Servians to demand your rights in the United States?" a meek looking man was asked by a corner orator.

"I haven't any special rights in the United States," responded the other quietly. "I was born here."

GIFFORD PINCHOT, relative to the recent disturbance in the Interior Department, delights to tell the story of the little boy whose mother overheard him call his playmate a liar.

"Robert, don't you know it's wicked to call your little playmate a liar?" she said.

"Oh, but I didn't mean it really, ma. You see, we're just playing government, and I'm being investigated."



MARGARET WIDDEMER, the novelist, is fond of children, and of stories about children. This is one of her stories.

A little boy had been given a white suit, and before going to the picnic was cautioned strictly to keep his new apparel clean. He obeyed with scrupulous care until late in the afternoon, when with a tired look and yearning appeal he asked:

"Mamma, may I sit on my pants?"



JAMES J. MONTAGUE, the poet and wit, declares that a soft answer may turn away wrath, but a literal answer won't. He thinks this story proves it:

TOURIST (in village notion-store)—"Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"

SALESLADY—"Funeral wreaths, life-preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

The REV. CHARLES GORDON (better known as "Ralph Connor") believes that religion cannot be reduced to material terms, and tells this story to illustrate:

BROWN (on fishing-trip): "Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there any one here who knows how to pray?"

JONES (eagerly): "I do."

BROWN: "All right. You pray, and the rest of us will put on life-belts. They're one shy."



GENERAL DU PONT, the powder manufacturer, says this is as true as most war stories, and more amusing than some.

A garrulous old negro in a Southern city used to meet the judge of the county court nearly every day on the way to market. Long friendship between the two had let down the bars a little, and the black man's invariable salutation was:

"Mornin', Jedge; what's the news to-day, Jedge, sah?"

The white man once varied his usual answer of "No news, Jerry," by giving the negro a real bit. "The United States has just declared war against Spain," he said.

For a minute Old Jerry was flustered by this departure from routine, but quickly recovered his balance and, with a wise eye cocked up at the cloudless sky, he chirped:

"Well, Jedge, dey's picked a good day for it."

JOHN BURROUGHS, who thinks Americans live too fast, tells a story to show his meaning.

In a certain New England village there was a physician noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he answered the telephone a woman's voice asked him if he were going out driving that afternoon.

"No; I hardly think I will have time this afternoon," replied the doctor. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," replied his anonymous questioner, "I want to send my little daughter down-town for some thread, if you are not."



DE WOLF HOPPER advertises a fellow Lamb in one of his newest stories. This is it.

A well-known actress, who is very fond of dogs, numbers among her possessions a magnificent specimen of the St. Bernard type.

One day last summer a New Yorker, who visited the actress at her summer home, met a coloured maid in the road accompanied by this big dog. He asked to whom the canine belonged.

"He b'longs to my missus."

"Aren't you afraid of him? He's awfully big."

"No, indeed, suh. Dis dog won't harm nobody; he's jest chuck-full of fun all de time."

"What kind of a dog is he?"

"Well, suh, I hears my missus call him a full-blooded Sam Bernard."

PRIME MINISTER ASQUITH, of England, is responsible for the following:

"An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory, 'Professor Blank informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty, King George.'

"During the morning he had some occasion to leave the room and found on his return that some student wag had added the words,

" 'God save the King.' "



GOVERNOR COLQUITT of Texas, like all Southerners, has a fund of negro stories, of which this is one.

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, what's de use ob washin' er fish what's lived all his life in de water?"



SECRETARY GARRISON thinks that the public can be educated up to an understanding of the country's military needs. Few people, he says, are so hopeless as the sweet young thing who was asked:

"Don't you think that Muscovite onslaught is awful?"

"I've never tried it; can you show me the steps?" she replied eagerly.

REV. "BILLY" SUNDAY is seldom at a loss for an answer to a scoffer. Once in his career a smart young man, thinking to perplex him, sent up the following note, requesting a public reply:

"Dear Sunday—If you are seeking to enlighten young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

"Billy" read the note, and then, amid breathless silence, said: "I love young men—inquirers for truth especially—and should like to give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation inquiring after other men's wives."



GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES, head of the Canadian War Department, recently said:

"The hesitating, *Hamlet* type of man had best keep out of the army. I had a boyhood friend of the type I mean—a fellow named Grimes. He was a falterer, a doubter of the most exaggerated sort.

"One evening I stopped to call on him and found him in a deep study, bent over a white waistcoat lying on a table.

"'Hello, Grimes,' I said. 'What's the trouble?'

"'This waistcoat,' he replied, holding the garment up to view. 'It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the laundry. I don't know what to do about it!'"



**THE HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE** explains the difference between a demagogue and a democrat with a story. The demagogue, he says, reminds him of a tradesman in a certain town who put a box outside his shop one day, labelled "For the Blind." A few weeks afterward the box disappeared.

"Halloa! What's happened to your box for the blind?" he was asked.

"Oh, I got enough money," he replied. "And," pointing upward to the new canvas blind that sheltered his shop-window, "there's the blind. Not bad, is it?"



CHARLES DANA GIBSON, summering in Maine, became very friendly with his rustic neighbours, and enquired of one whose wife had been ill for some time:

"How is your wife this morning, Uncle Henry?"

"Well, I dunno. She's failin' dretful slow. I do wish she'd git well, or somethin'."



GOVERNOR HUNT of Arizona believes in woman suffrage. He had to, to be elected in Arizona. This story illustrates his point of view, he says.

"Suppose you get into office and there's a proposition comes up that you know absolutely nothing about. What would you do?" asked a young man.

"Unlike the men, I think we'd have sense enough not to meddle with it," the lady replied.



PRESIDENT DAVID STARR JORDAN, of Leland Stanford, says that all maxims should be administered to the young with care. He instances this one.

"He who puts his hand to the plow," screamed the cross-roads orator, "must not turn back!"

"What is he to do when he gets to the end of a furrer?" asked the auditor in the blue jeans overalls.

REAR-ADMIRAL FLETCHER brought back this one from his Mexican trip.

"Who is that haughty-looking dark lady on the right?"

"That is Señora Juarez-Torreón-Varanza-Quilla, of Mexico."

"And what are all those badges, buttons, and medals with which she is almost covered?"

"Why, she's a Daughter of Three Hundred and Twenty-nine Revolutions!"



LORD NORTHCLIFFE, England's most influential journalist, was once asked by an aspiring author:

"What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?"

"A small appetite."



COLONEL W. C. GORGAS, who made Panama habitable, naturally enjoys this story.

It was the annual convention of a woman's organisation in a Western state. The Panama Canal was under discussion. A lady from the sagebrush lands attracted the leader's attention.

"What I want to know is," she questioned breezily, "why, when the climate is so terribly dangerous on the Isthmus, did they ever go 'way down there to build the Canal, anyhow?"

WILLIAM COLLIER thinks children should be told the truth always. The literal childish mind, he says, otherwise leaps to such remarkable conclusions, as did little Gretchen.

While visiting the zoological gardens, little Gretchen saw a great white bird standing on one leg in a cage. She threw in a piece of candy; the bird gobbled it up eagerly, and thrust its head through the wire for more.

Presently Gretchen's mother came along.

"Oh, mother, see here! What kind of a bird is this?"

The mother pointed to the sign on the cage, which read, "The Stork."

"The stork!" cried the little girl, enthusiastically. "O mamma, do you know, he actually recognised me!"



VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER has a keen sense of humour, and likes a thrust at the fads of the day. Philanthropy as a fad she scores in this story:

An interested visitor who was making a call in the tenement district, rising, said:

"Well, my good woman, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thank ye, mem," replied the submerged one. "Ye mustn't mind it if I don't return the call, will ye? I haven't any time to go slummin' meself."

GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH says that surprise is the main element of strategy, and illustrates his meaning with a story.

A small boy seated on the curb by a telephone-pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing.

"Going fishing?" he enquired, good-naturedly.

"Nope," the youngster replied. "Take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the tussock moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them."

"How?"

"Sending 'em up this telephone-pole."



SIR HUGH ALLAN relates this incident as coming within his observation during a recent trip through the Northwest.

A passenger entered the depot to take the 2:15 P. M. train. The clock in the waiting-room was several minutes faster than the one in the office, and the passenger asked the porter which clock was correct. After scanning the clocks carefully, the porter, with much satisfaction to himself, replied:

"It don't make any difference which is right: the train goes at 2:15 anyhow."

RODMAN WANAMAKER was discussing the importance of choosing the right men for executive positions, whether in business or politics. "Men who achieve high place by accident," he says, "often look more important than they are. They remind me of this story."

A Swede was working for a farmer, who demanded punctuality above everything else. The farmer told him that he must be at work every morning at 4 o'clock sharp. The "hand" failed to get up in time, and the farmer threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" bought an alarm-clock, and for some time everything went along smoothly. But one morning he got to the field fifteen minutes late. The farmer immediately discharged him, in spite of his protestations that his alarm-clock was to blame.

Sadly returning to his room, the discharged employé determined to find out the cause of his downfall. He took the alarm-clock to pieces, and discovered a dead cockroach among the works.

"Well," he soliloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't run — the engineer bane daid."



DUDLEY FIELD MALONE, lately a "rookie" himself, tells this story about a National Guard encampment last summer:

"Jim Wheeler, a new volunteer who had not quite learned his business, was on sentry duty one

night, when a friend, knowing his fondness for pie, brought him one from the canteen.

"While he sat quietly on the grass devouring the pie the major sauntered up in undress uniform. Not recognising him, the sentry did not salute, so the major stopped and asked: 'What's that you have there?'

" 'Pie,' answered Jim, good-naturedly. 'Squash pie. Have a bite?'

"The major frowned. 'Do you know who I am?' he asked haughtily.

" 'No,' the sentry answered, 'unless you're the major's groom.'

"The major shook his head.

" 'The barber from the village?'

" 'No!' thundered the other.

" 'Maybe —' the sentry laughed — 'maybe you're the major himself!'

" 'I am the major,' came the stern reply.

" 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the sentry. 'Hold the pie, will you, while I present arms!'



MACKENZIE KING, ex-Minister of Labour for Canada, believes in being practical first, like the bride's mother in a story he tells. Said the bride:

"I wish Ingomar to think only of me."

"I would not distract his thoughts too much from business, my dear," counselled her mother. "Remember, you will need a great many expensive things."

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON was asked what he thought of the outlook for the Republican party in 1916, and he answered with a story.

"A black man was arrested for horse-stealing while I was prosecuting-attorney in Vermilion county," he said, "and was placed on trial after being duly indicted. When his day in court came he was taken before the judge and I solemnly read the charge in the indictment to him.

"'Are you guilty or not?' I asked.

"The black man rolled uneasily in his chair. 'Well, boss,' he finally said, 'ain't dat the very thing we're about to try?'"



HOWARD ELLIOTT is of New England and so are his stories — or this one at least.

"Wal," sighed Cyrus Browne, a Massachusetts farmer, as he entered the house, "Jed Hopkins wants me to be pall-bearer agin to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, wot be yer hesitatin' about?" rejoined his soul mate.

"It's this way, Melissa. Y'know when Jed's fust wife died he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did. Then his second wife died, an' I wuz pall-bearer fur her. An' then he married Deacon Wall's widow, an' she died, an' I wuz the same agin. An' now — wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favours without bein' able to return 'em."

In the days when RICHARD HARDING DAVIS was a reporter, he picked up many good stories from the seamy side, and this is one of them.

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with rather a wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"Please, teacher, we've got a new baby t' our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that fine? What's the baby's name?"

"Ikie."

Several days later the teacher remembered to inquire about the new arrival:

"Oh, Rosie, how is Ikie to-day?"

The child looked bewildered: "Oh, teacher, we ain't got no Ikie."

"Yes. You told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. "No, teacher, his name's Mose; his name ain't Ikie. We found we already got one Ikie."



MAYOR BLANKENBERG of Philadelphia says one should not judge the hyphenated citizen too harshly. He may be in the sad case of one to whom it was said:

"I never saw such a man as you are. I really believe you hate yourself."

"Well, why shouldn't I? My mother is English and my father is a German."



COMMISSIONER FRANK P. WALSH wants to reorganise "Big Business." He says too much of it is on the basis of the Wisconsin bank in this story.

Before the passage of the present strict banking-laws in Wisconsin, starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. One banker was asked how he happened to enter the banking business:

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store-building and painted BANK on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited a hundred dollars with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited two hundred and fifty; and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself!"



JESS WILLARD was raised on the farm, but he did not stay there. This story, he says, explains, in part, why.

A city youth secured a job with Farmer Jones. The morning after his arrival, promptly at 4 o'clock, the farmer rapped on his door and told him to get up. The youth protested.

"What for?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"Why, we're going to cut oats," replied the farmer.

"Are they wild oats," queried the youth, "that you've got to sneak up on 'em in the dark?"



**JUSTICE HUGHES** says that much needless trouble begins with a mere misunderstanding due to a limited knowledge of the facts of the case as in this story.

Two men were standing outside a show window where a vacuum-cleaner was being demonstrated. After watching it with interest for some time, suddenly one of them burst out with enthusiasm:

“These inventions are the things that clean up the money! Just think of the millions that fellow Vacuum must have made out of that thing!”

MISS KATHERINE B. DAVIS thinks it is time women looked on life more seriously. Formerly, she said, there were too many like this high-school girl who learned in the course of her classical studies that "The Gorgons were mythological sisters, who had snakes for tresses, instead of hair."

"Gee," muttered the high-school girl, "it must have been tough to have to go out and gather a bunch of snakes whenever you needed a few extra puffs."



FRITZ KREISLER, the great violinist, lately back from the European trenches, tells a story of his early youth. He was playing at a reception given by a Russian prince, and played Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," which has several long and impressive rests in it. During one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted him on the shoulder, and said: "Play something you know, dear."



PRESIDENT LOWELL, of Harvard, believes that popular library taste is not greatly changed by prosperity. He quotes this story, in proof.

"I wonder what has become of the old-fashioned dime novel?" remarked the old fogey.

"It has gone up to a dollar and a half," replied the grouch.

INSPECTOR FAUROT relates this anecdote of his early days on "the Force."

Pat, who was left-handed, was being sworn in as a witness.

"Hold up your right hand," said the judge. Up went Pat's left hand.

"Hold up your right hand," commanded the judge, sternly.

"Sure and I am, yer honour," declared Pat. "Me right hand's on me left-hand side."



When CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE was having his first experience in aeroplaning he alighted to adjust his machine in a field far from the hangars. He wasn't certain what county he was in, and wanted to know. A crowd of villagers rushed toward him and he called to them:

"Where am I?"

"You're in Farmer Knolls's cow-pasture," shouted the nearest rustic.



PENRHYN STANLAWS has studied women — as a painter — and relates this tale as one result of that observation.

"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry," said the flirt.

"How many do you expect to marry?" answered her dearest friend.

SIR HUGH GRAHAM, the Montreal newspaper magnate, relishes a good Scotch story, and tells this one with enjoyment.

James Ross and his daughter Janet from Glasgow visited relatives in Toronto recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sight-seeing, always together.

Janet's aunt, noticing this, one day suggested that she let her father go down-town alone some time, jokingly adding, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Aye, ahnty, but he wahnts me," explained Janet earnestly. "He canna thole to stir oot o' the hoose his lane. Ye wadna beleave hoo fasht he is onywhere wi'oot me. Ye see, faither taa'ks sic braid Scoatch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's a' about, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the converrsin."



JOHN REDMOND, the famous Irish Nationalist leader, in these piping times of peace, recalls the "good old days" of the Land League with a story of Baron Douse, the celebrated Irish judge.

"I was down in Cork last month, holding assizes," related the Baron. "On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said:

"Gentlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze."

"And may I never laugh," said the Baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock!"

AMBASSADOR SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE says that one trouble with the Germans is that they cannot accept the inevitable gracefully. They are not like the medical student in a favourite story of his.

"You see, Mr. Smith," said the professor to this young man one day, "the subject of this diagram limps, because one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other. Now, what should you do in such a case?"

"I should limp, too, I think, sir," replied the student, with an expression of perfect innocence on his face.



LORD KITCHENER, upholding Napoleon's epigram that "an army travels on its belly," tells a pithy story.

During a particularly nasty dust-storm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain.

After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you put the lid on that camp-kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out:

"See here, me lad. Your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

WALLACE IRWIN says that it is the fate of childhood to be misunderstood, as in this story.

Arthur sat on the front doorsteps crying softly.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked a kind-hearted woman who was passing.

"Ma's gone an' drowned all the kittens," he sobbed.

"What a pity! I'm awfully sorry."

"An' s-she promised — boohoo — at I c'u'd do it."



GOVERNOR EDWARD F. DUNNE of Illinois tells a story of boyhood.

Tom and Dick were excellent boys, well versed in Bible lore, and constant attendants at Sunday school. In fact, they knew all about the pictures that are made of the many characters in the Bible. Their wisdom went all the way from the creation of Adam and Eve to the winged appearance of the seraphim and cherubim.

One day they took possession of their father's double-barreled shotgun and went hunting. The game was scarce and their aim was poor, the result being that they put in more than half of the day without anything to show for their labour.

Finally, they saw a big bird on the bough of a tree near by. Tom put the gun on Dick's shoulder, and, taking aim from this more or less tremulous rest, let go at the bird. The bird fell to the ground — which was their first surprise. The gun

kicked Tom over — which was the second surprise.

Dick, however, greatly elated by the success of the shot, ran forward to retrieve the game. When he came near to what they had shot, he found a big owl, with immense wings and a very short tail.

He rushed back to Tom, and, pale from fright, and trembling in every limb, he said in an awed whisper:

“Tom, we’ve shot a seraphim!”



S. STANWOOD MENKEN, who organised the new National Security League, is responsible for the propagation of this business axiom. A successful millionaire was being interviewed.

“The true secret of success is to find out what the people want,” he said.

“And then give it to them?”

“No; corner it.”



MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST, who called a truce on militancy for the period of the war, brought back this story from a recent visit to the front: Said a nurse, who is also an ardent suffragist, to a wounded guardsman: “Do you know, your face is singularly familiar to me? I’ve been trying to remember where we’ve met before.”

“Well, mum, bygones be bygones. I was a police constable,” returned the guardsman.



EDGAR LEE MASTERS says that a poet's life is hard at home as well as abroad. He cites this as a case in point.

"Why is it," asked the poet's wife's neighbour, "that your husband never dedicates any of his books to you? Nearly every poet who has a wife dedicates at least one book to her."

"Dear me! I'm glad you called my attention to it. I must look at his books some time, and if what you say is true I shall never forgive him," said the wife.



MAYOR THOMPSON of Chicago, who was elected on a perfectly neutral ticket, tells this story, somewhat cautiously.

Uncle Ephraim's sympathies were all with the Allies. "Man," announced he, "has you heard 'bout them Allies? They's got a gun what kin hit you if it's twenty-three miles off."

"Lawsie, that ain't nothin'," sneered a coloured partisan of the opposite camp. "De Germans, dey kin hit you if dey jess has yo' ad-dress."



As former CONGRESSMAN MARTIN LITTLETON tells the tale, a railroad was built through an obscure corner of the State of Texas where no railroads ever had the hardihood to venture before. On the day the first train ran over the line the engineer, pulling out from a small way station, discov-

ered that a country boy was riding a horse between the rails a short distance ahead.

The engineer sounded his whistle again and again, but the rider only lashed his horse into a gallop and made no effort to turn off into the farm lands which flanked the right of way. At the end of a mile-long chase the locomotive was so close upon the labouring horse that the cowcatcher almost touched its hind hoofs. The pestered engineer leaned out of his cab window.

"You blamed idiot!" he yelled. "Why don't you get off the track?"

Over his shoulder the frightened yokel flung back a desperate retort:

"Naw, sir! Ef ever you got me out yonder on that there ploughed ground you could ketch me in a minute."



PRESIDENT HADLEY, of Yale, illustrates the wrong pedagogic viewpoint with a little story.

A teachers' meeting was in progress, and it was decided that the more difficult subjects should come in the morning, and those that required less application later in the day. History was last on the list, and Miss Wheeler, the young teacher, protested.

"But it certainly is easier than science or mathematics," the principal insisted.

"As I teach it," replied the young teacher, "no subject could be more difficult and confusing."

GEORGE W. PERKINS says industry will gain a man any reward he desires. The men who fail, he says, are too often like the Southerner of this story.

A good many years ago a transplanted Southerner ran for office in one of the Western States.

It was an off-year for the Democrats. The Republicans swept the platter clean and the Southerner was beaten along with the rest of his ticket. In his disappointment he spoke harshly of the state of his adoption.

"I've about decided," he said gloomily, "to move back to Tennessee, which, after all, is really the only fitten' place for a gentleman to live. My friends, in that fair land a gentleman doesn't have to put his hand to debasin' toil. The niggers make his crop for him — and the sheriff sells it!"



HENRY FORD, congratulated in Detroit on his splendid movement for the cure of drug fiends, smiled and said:

"We now know that drug fiends are curable. It was wrong in the past to deem the drug fiend as hopeless as the baldhead.

"Once a man who was fast growing bald said to his doctor:

" 'My hair is coming out. Please give me something to keep it in.' "

" 'Well,' said the doctor, 'here's an old pill box. Will that do?' "



ROBERT M. LANSING, the new Secretary of State, tells a little story to prove that the average man needs to be told a thing more than once before he will believe it.

A newspaper reporter was halted by a long, slow-moving funeral procession.

"Who's dead?" he enquired of the corner store-keeper, who also was watching from his door as the gloomy cortege filed by.

"Chon Schmidt."

"John Smith!" exclaimed the reporter. "You don't mean to say that John Smith is dead?"

"Vell, by golly," said the grocer, "vot you dink dey doing mit him — bractising?"

GENERAL STEELE, of the Canadian contingent in France, believes in initiative. He thinks there was a bright future ahead of the little girl in this story.

A certain little girl was discovered by her mother engaged in a spirited encounter with a small friend who had got considerably worsted in the engagement.

"Don't you know, dear," said the mother, "that it is very wicked to behave so? It was Satan that put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Well, perhaps it was," the child admitted, "but kicking her shins was entirely my own idea."



JACQUES CARPENTIER, the champion French boxer, who speaks as good English as the next one, likes to tell this story of an American brother of the ring.

The American, having reached England in the course of his pugilistic travels, he was patronised by a nobleman with sporting tastes. A week-end visit to the country estate was in order.

The gentleman personally conducted his guest about the mansion, and when they arrived at a certain pretentious bedroom he said with pride: "Here, sir, is where the great Nelson slept."

The pugilist stepped over and touched the high, white-covered bed appreciatively. "Gee," he remarked, "leave it to the Battler to pick a soft one!"

SIR RICHARD McBRIDE, Premier of British Columbia, says the exigencies of politics too often lead to a doubtful standard of ethics, like those of the Yukon gambler he tells of.

A mining engineer in Yukon was one day watching a game of poker in which the stakes were heavy, when he saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack.

Indignant at such shameless cheating he turned to a bystander and whispered:

"Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Why that fellow dealt himself four aces!"

"Well, wasn't it his deal?"



ALAN R. HAWLEY, President of the Aero Club, pointing out that an aviator's chief difficulty is not getting up, but coming down, explains this paradox with another, as follows.

A young man, after proposing, torn with emotion, waited for a few short words that would decide his fate.

"George," she said, "before I give you my answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?"

A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance. Was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear.

"Anything," he said.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS tells this story of a little girl he knows.

One evening during the summer, as Pauline's mother was putting her to bed, she said:

"Now go right to sleep, dear. Don't be afraid, for God's angels are watching over you."

Shortly after, while the mother and father were reading in the library, the child called to her mother.

"Yes, dear," replied the mother, "what is it?"

"God's angels are buzzing around just awful, mother," cried the little girl, "and one of 'em's bitten me!"



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER says that a knowledge of practical values is a business man's indispensable asset. He must not find himself regretting a bargain, like little Jean.

Jean longed for a kitten. When illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital, her mother said:

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean. If you will be a brave little girl about your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether, but later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realised how very wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON is an old time newspaperman, and tells this story of one like himself:

The news editor of the old morning *Call* of San Francisco, had a two-paragraph rule that was one of life's little irritations for his copy-readers. Either one paragraph, or three or more, was his edict, and woe to the copy-reader who let a story slip into the paper with two.

Finally one of his copy-readers who was leaving handed in his resignation. It read:

"*Dear Mr. Tufts:*

"This is to give notice that I wish to leave at the end of the week.

"I wish to thank you for your courtesy and kindness while I have worked for you.

"(Signed) WILLIAM SWARTHOUT.

"P. S.— This is just to make three paragraphs."



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, though a staunch patriot, is not an alarmist. An alarmist, he explains, is something like the English tourist in Paris, who thus addressed a gendarme.

"Pst! Are you looking for German spies?"

"*Mais oui!*" said the policeman, taking from under his cape his notebook and pencil.

"Then go to the Hôtel de Blanc and arrest the proprietor. He's put up at least two concrete beds there. I know, because my wife and I slept in 'em last night."



Matrimony, says the HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, while it is a serious business, cannot be conducted on strict business principles. A good husband would know better than to argue a case like this:

"Hubby, can you pay me back that dollar you borrowed from me?" one wife asked.

"But, my dear," the husband protested, "I have already paid it back twice. Surely you don't expect it again."

"Oh, all right, if you are so mean as all that."



ELIHU ROOT, to prove that great men remain unspoiled by fame, cites this incident.

At a dinner-and-theatre party recently given in Washington, a beautiful débutante was frightened beyond measure because Senator Blank had been selected for her escort. The poor girl was almost in tears from nervousness.

"But, mother," she protested, "whatever can I talk to him about?"

The mother smiled. "You'll like him, dear; every one does."

It was late that night when the débutante came running into her mother's boudoir, a happy flush on her young cheek. "I've had a perfectly dandy time," she announced, "and I think the Senator's fine. He isn't at all like I expected him to be. Why, we hadn't gone two blocks before we were talking about fleas in Italian hotels!"

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE brought back this story from his recent visit to the Orient.

Among the Japanese, economy is held to be a high virtue. Two old misers of Tokio were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one, "and this is my system: I don't wastefully open the whole fan and wave it carelessly. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is eventually used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family, we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is how we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. Oh, no! We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our *face!*"



FINLEY PETER DUNNE, creator of the genial Mr. Dooley, gives this recipe for a successful literary-matrimonial collaboration:

"My husband has found a way by which he says I am of the greatest help to him in his literary work," said a young bride.

"How nice that must be for you, my dear. But how are you able to do it?"

"As soon as I see him at his desk I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished."

"The Governor of South Carolina," in this case the HONOURABLE RICHARD I. MANNING, says that a man's political friends, like his private friends, may sometimes do him more harm than good, and instances a case.

A section foreman on a Southern railway heard the following conversation between two of his dusky labourers:

"Jim, you bettah come here an' he'p me. I's takin' up fer you."

"How's dat?"

"W'y, dis here niggah say you ain't fit fer de dawgs, an' Ah tole him yes you *is!*"



EDDIE FOY, the comedian, has very correct ideas about how all the little Foys shall be brought up, and is particular that their religious training shall not be neglected.

"I do not wish any of my little ones to be as unfamiliar with the name of God as was little Marion I heard of recently," says the well-known actor. "Marion was dressing for her first party, assisted by her mother, who was admonishing her on the subject of polite conversation. 'If any gentleman asks you your name, say, 'My name is Marion, sir.' If he wants to know how old you are, tell him politely that you are ten. And if he says to you, 'Who made you,' reply, 'God made me, sir.'"

"Marion arrived at the party and was having a perfectly grand time until a young man who was

seated near the door with his fiancée engaged her in conversation, being attracted by her unusually sweet face. 'And what is your name, my little dear?' he queried. 'My name is Marion, sir.'

" 'And how old are you, Marion? ' "

" 'Ten years old, sir.' "

" 'What a nice little girl you are. And who made you, little pet? ' "

" Marion paused reflectively for a moment, then replied: 'Mother did tell me the man's name, sir, but I've forgotten it.' "



"BOB" BURMAN, record-holder in motor-car racing, tells the following story:

Recently I was talking with a woman whose husband had acquired considerable wealth suddenly, and who was quite new to the social world and its customs. She was particularly anxious to appear as if accustomed to all the luxuries of life.

She began a conversation with me on motoring.

"Have you purchased your new car this season?" I asked.

"No, Mr. Burman, not yet," she said. "I can't make up my mind just which make of car to buy. Maybe you will help me."

"What is it that you can not decide about them?" I asked.

"Why, I can't decide whether I should get a gasoline car or a limousine car. Tell me, does limousine smell as bad as gasoline?"

CARDINAL GIBBONS, the American prelate, has the sense of humour inherent in his race, and he likes this little story.

Two Irishmen had visited St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The one was from the country and had been taken there by his friend who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur.

As they came out on the street and resumed their hats, the resident of the city said:

"Well, Mike, and phwat do you think of it? Isn't it grand?"

"Mike Donovan," said the one from the country, "it bates the divil!"

"That," said the friend, "was the intintion."



GOVERNOR HIRAM JOHNSON, of California, says that the successful public man must want what the public want, but he must not lose his individuality. The result of doing that he instances in this story.

A small, meek country negro, married a big, domineering woman, and very soon afterward moved into town, where the keeper of the local bar met him on the street.

"Hello, Gabe," he said, "what made you move to town? I thought you liked country life."

"Well, Mistah Franklin," explained Gabe, "I uster lak de country. But mah wife she didn't lak it — and I've done got so now dat when she don't lak a thing I jest natchelly hates it."



THOMAS A. EDISON said to a reporter, apropos of deafness: "Deafness has its advantages. My own deafness enables me to concentrate my thoughts as I'd never be able to do if distracted by noise and conversation. It helps me to sleep, too.

"Some men, through deafness, actually get a reputation for wit.

"I know a stupid old fellow, deaf as a post, to whom a lady said, nodding toward a rich banker's daughter —

" 'Is Miss Bond a pretty girl?'

"The deaf man, misunderstanding the question, answered calmly —

" 'No, she isn't; but she will be when her father dies.' "

GOVERNOR WILLIAM SPRY, who rules over the "matrimonial state" of Utah, likes this little, simple tale.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done, he also went and stuck another in on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."



REAR-ADMIRAL OSTERHAUS is a genuine American, despite his name, but he can tell a semi-hyphenated story on occasion. Here is one of them:

A Dutchman, returning from a hunting expedition, was met by a friend, who, noting the flatness of his game-bag, said tauntingly:

"Well, I see you've been hunting."

The luckless hunter nodded.

"Did you shoot anything?" persisted the friend.

"Vell," was the reply, "I shot my dawg."

"Shot your dog?" asked the friend in amazement. "Was he mad?"

"Vell, he vasn't so tam pleased," retorted the Dutchman.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN once met Senator Burrows of Michigan, in the corridors of the Senate in Washington, and after a cordial greeting with his old fellow member in the House, Mr. Bryan said:

"Burrows, I see that you are in favour of electing senators by a direct vote of the people."

"Yes, that is so," replied Mr. Burrows.

"I am glad to know that," responded Mr. Bryan. "For the first time in our public careers we have agreed upon a great question."

"Yes, that is true," replied Mr. Burrows very seriously, "and it almost makes me think that I am wrong."



E. H. SOTHERN is fond of telling this story on himself. It was at a time when he had a number of workmen redecorating his private residence. Thinking to give them a treat, he asked if, after work one evening, they would like to go and see him play *Hamlet*.

They said they didn't mind if they did, and, provided with complimentary tickets, all went on a Saturday night to see their employer's performance.

At the end of the week when Mr. Sothern was glancing over the pay-roll he noticed this item against each workman's name on the list:

"Saturday night. Four hours' overtime at Century Theatre, \$2.50."



GOVERNOR CHARLES P. WHITMAN tells this one.

A well-known judge dined recently at a West-end hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of headgear.

"How do you know that is my hat?" the judge asked, as his silk hat was presented to him.

"I don't know it, sir," said the man.

"Then why do you give it to me?" insisted the bewildered judge.

"Because you gave it to me, sir," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.



ANTHONY COMSTOCK, moralist for all New York City which he watched as he would a nest-egg of iniquity, related this amusing incident which he avers occurred in a small Massachusetts town.

"A young couple, of prominent Boston people, got married; they decided to spend their honeymoon in Lynn. Arriving there, they proceeded very unostentatiously to a hotel. Immediately after registering their names, the bridegroom calling the head porter aside, a woolly-headed darkey, explained that he did not want it known that they were newly married, and tipped him liberally to see that all of the labels were removed from their baggage. All went smoothly for a while, but after a day or two, whenever the bride appeared in the dining-room or left her own room, every eye was

directed on her with keenest scrutiny. Thoroughly angry her husband taxed the porter with his breach of faith.

"That individual replied: 'Deed, suh, boss, I never told 'em yo' were newly married. Why, 'deed, boss, I told 'em you were not married a'all!'"



AUGUST BELMONT, who was once a devotee of "the sport of kings," told this story once at Saratoga.

The spring racing season was on, and Terence D. O'Sullivan, who had gone through untold privations and penury for the past six months saving up money to bet on the horses, was returning from his first day at the track.

He was met by a friend who, noting his dejected and dismal expression, inquired:

"Terence, how is your luck this year?"

"Luck!" exploded Terence. "Luck! I bet on every toad on the track to-day, and every time he led the bunch a couple of miles or so until he got into the home stretch. Then he would remember he had forgotten something, and go back after it. Luck! If I was Lazarus, and was buried seven feet under the ground, and the golden resurrection morn had come, and the angel Gabriel should come out of the heavens and blow his silver trump and say unto me, 'Lazarus, come forth!' I'd come fifth."

LORD ROSEBERY, himself an author as well as a statesman, yet likes a joke at the expense of his craft, and this is one of his favourites.

The story is told of a man whose wife had arranged an "authors' evening," and persuaded her husband to help her receive the fifty guests. The first author was dull, but the second was duller. The rooms were warm, and, on pretence of letting in some cool air, the unfortunate host escaped to the hall, where he found the footman comfortably asleep on the carved-oak settle.

"Wake up," he said, sternly, in the man's ear, "wake up, I say! You must have been listening at the keyhole!"



LUTHER BURBANK has a good story told him by a famous naturalist.

He was the slowest boy on earth, and had been sacked at three places in two weeks, so his parents had apprenticed him to a naturalist. But even he found him slow. It took him two hours to give the canaries their seed, three to stick a pin through a dead butterfly, and four to pick a convolvulus. The only point about him was that he was willing.

"And what," he asked, having spent a whole afternoon changing the goldfishes' water, "shall I do now, sir?" The naturalist ran his fingers through his locks.

"Well. Robert," he replied at length. "I think you might now take the tortoise out for a run."

GOVERNOR JAMES F. FIELDER of New Jersey has a good story relative to a flourishing industry of his native state.

Bill had worked on the farm for ten years, and until his boss took to poultry-raising he was quite contented with his lot. But this poultry business finally got Bill peeved. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And, worse than that, he had also to write on the eggs the breed of the hen that laid them. For Bill's boss was a scientific person. One day the routine proved a bit too much for Bill, so he marched up to the farmer and said, "I'm 'bout fed up, an' I'm goin' to leave."

The farmer gasped for breath; he could not associate Bill working for anybody else, he had been with him so long.

"Surely, Bill, you're not goin' to leave me after all these years," he blurted out.

"Yes, but I am," put in Bill. "I've done every kind of rotten job on this here farm, but I'd rather starve than go on being secretary to your old hens any longer."



FRED STONE, who has a young son of his own, knows how innocently pointed a child's remarks may be. He has a story to prove it.

Supper was in progress, and the father was telling about a row which took place in front of his store that morning:

"The first thing I saw was one man deal the other a sounding blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a large shovel he had been using on the street, and rushed back, his eyes blazing fiercely. I thought he'd surely knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them."

The young son of the family had become so hugely interested in the narrative as it proceeded that he had stopped eating his pudding. So proud was he of his father's valour, his eyes fairly shone, and he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked at him long and earnestly, but the lad's countenance was frank and open.

Father gasped slightly, and resumed his supper.



VINCENT ASTOR, who has himself received many "crank" letters, considers this a good story on that subject.

An undersized grocer in Hoboken, married to a strapping big German woman who is vociferously loyal to the Fatherland, received a Black Hand letter last week which read:

"If you do not give \$1,000 to our messenger who will call on you Sunday night, we will kidnap your wife."

He replied promptly: "I haven't got \$1,000 but your proposition interests me greatly."



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN comes from California, where the women vote, but there was a time when they did not; and this is the reason he heard one give for opposing suffrage; during the campaign for the suffrage bill.

"Now wouldn't you like to walk with your husband to the polls and cast in your vote with his?" asked the suffrage enthusiast of Mrs. Bean.

Mrs. Bean shook her head, as she said, wearily: "For the land sakes! If there's anything a man can do by himself, let him do it."

GUY NICKALLS, the famous rowing "coach," knows the value of temperance to an athlete, and tells this story to show the necessity of rigorous training rules.

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people."

A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has undoubtedly been helped by the saloon."

"What is your business?" yelled the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."



DR. CHARLES F. AKED says that true religion consists of deeds, not words. That was where the wife in this little story was under a misapprehension.

"What in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open that can of tomatoes with?"

"Can-opener, of course," he growled. "What do you s'pose I opened it with?"

"I thought from the very peculiar language you used, you were opening it with prayer."



LORD WIMBORNE, polo-enthusiast, not to mention his being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is some-

thing of a raconteur, and this is one of his favourite stories.

It was at a theatre in Manchester. The King, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage, with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud:

"On which of these, my sons, shall I bestow my crown?"

Immediately came a voice from the gallery.

"Why not 'arf a crown apiece, gov'nor?"



LORD BRYCE recalls this episode from his early secretarial days at a certain English embassy:

Prince Herbert Bismarck at a royal reception bumped roughly against an Italian prelate, who looked at him indignantly.

"You evidently don't know who I am," said the prince, haughtily. "I am Herbert Bismarck."

"Oh," answered the prelate, "if that doesn't amount to an apology, it is certainly a perfect explanation."



GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH of Pennsylvania likes this one.

An employé of a rolling mill while on his vacation fell in love with a handsome German girl. Upon his return to work, he went to Mr. Carnegie



and asked for some more time off to get married.

Mr. Carnegie seemed much interested. "Tell me about her," he said. "Is she short or is she tall, slender, willowy?"

"Well, Mr. Carnegie," was the answer, "all I can say is that if I'd had the rolling of her, I'd have given her two or three more passes."



GOVERNOR ELLIOTT W. MAJOR of Missouri tells this story.

A well-known politician of one of our Southern States wanted to reward his negro servant for his unflinching good humour in performing his chores. "Jim," he said, "you have been pretty faithful to me for the past eight years, and I want to give you something for a Christmas present that will be useful to you and that you will enjoy. Which do you prefer, a ton of coal or a jug of good whisky?"

"Well, boss," Jim replied, "Ah burns wood."



MAYOR HIRAM GILL of Seattle is responsible for this tale of the early frontier days.

A man from the East visiting in a small Western town stopped one morning to watch a funeral procession passing through the one long street.

"Do you always have four horses to the hearse?" asked the man, turning to a native standing near.

"No, not always," was the reply. "The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world, and one night when he got too fresh Dead Eye Dave pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse."



CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE of the Supreme Court tells a story of his early days in the law.

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, was cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial.

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!" angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked: "Have you any other business?"



CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, the famous electrician, believes in specialising, but not to the extent of knowing nothing but the specialty, like this manufacturer.

A talkative young lady was once taken in to dinner by a wealthy and taciturn manufacturer whom she was anxious to propitiate. Her attempts at conversation, however, met with little response.

Having exhausted nearly every conceivable subject, she broached that of music.

"Do you like Beethoven's works?" she inquired, brightly.

"Never visited them," he replied, shortly.  
"What line is he in?"



MARY PICKFORD, the much-loved star of the films, believes in the educational value of the movies; indeed, she declares, children are learning much already through them. Only sometimes they get a somewhat onesided view. She instances the following conversation, overheard lately.

"Why do they call those men cowboys, mother?" asked little Robert as they came out of the movie place.

"Because they take care of the cattle," replied his mother.

"What cattle?"

"Why the cattle on the big ranches out West where these men live. There are thousands of cattle grazing on the plains, and the cowboys are employed to look after them and see that they do not stray too far from home."

"But how do they get time to watch the cattle, mother?" asked Robert.

"Why, Robert, you ask such funny questions," said his mother. "The cowboys haven't anything else to do but look after the cattle."

"They do so have something else to do," contradicted the boy. "Every time I see them, they're busy shooting Indians and Mexicans."

FREDERICK W. WHITRIDGE, the Anglo-American traction man, who has been much abroad of late, brought this story back with him from his last trip.

It happened in Ireland, whither the narrator had gone for the week end.

At the village post office a pretty colleen at the wicket asked:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for John Murphy?"

"No, not a bit."

"Anything for Terry Murphy?"

"No, nor for Pat Murphy, nor Denis Murphy, nor Peter Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilised or uncivilised, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, naturalised or otherwise, soldier or citizen. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment. "Please," she said, "will you see if there is anything for Bridget Murphy?"

LORD READING, better known perhaps as Sir Rufus Isaacs, Lord Chancellor of England and head of the Anglo-French commission which recently came to America to float a huge credit loan, had a meteoric career at the bar while wooing fame. He still recalls some amusing incidents of those days, one in particular in which a heckling lawyer got his deserts. The suit was one for damages in an accident case. Said the lawyer:

"You say you saw the automobile strike the plaintiff. How far was he thrown?"

"Nineteen feet, seven and five-eighths inches," replied the witness.

"How do you happen to know the distance so exactly?" asked the lawyer sneeringly.

"Well, I had a hunch some fool lawyer would ask me about it, so I measured it," the witness replied calmly.



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, the famous English playwright, used this story as illustrating his idea of leading up to a climax.

A little boy, who had been taught to report promptly his misdeeds, sought his mother with an aspect of grief and repentance.

"I broke a brick in the fireplace," he announced, on the verge of tears.

"Well, that is not beyond remedy," smiled the mother, "but how on earth did you do it?"

"I was pounding it with father's watch."

President YUAN SHI-KAI of China who spent many years of exile in Europe and America before he succeeded in overturning the old Manchu dynasty, speaks excellent English, and can tell a good story in English, Chinese, or that quaint mixture of the two called "pidgin." This is one of his stories.

A Chinaman who was asked if there were good doctors in China.

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; save life, to me."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Doctor Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly ill. Me callee Doctor San Sing. Give more medicine. Me glow worse — go die. Blimebly callee Doctor Hang Chang. He got no time; no come. Save life."



KATHLEEN NORRIS thinks that the desire to be in the swim is responsible for much of the modern unrest and trouble, both financial and matrimonial. She cites this as an extreme instance. It was at a tea, and two ladies were discussing mutual friends. Said the first:

"I was surprised to hear that the Jugginses were divorced."

"It's only a bluff, just to be in style. They are going to remarry as soon as the scandal blows over," the second reassured her.



**ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY** says that an Englishman may seem tactless to an American when he is only confused. He thinks this story proves his point:

An Englishman was riding in a street-car in New York. Opposite to him sat a woman upon whose lap was a very ugly baby. The baby seemed to fascinate the Englishman; he couldn't keep his eyes off it, and endeavoured to fix his attention on some other object. But it was of no use: he had to look back!

At last the mother — obviously annoyed — leaned over and hoarsely whispered, "Rubber!"

A relieved smile spread over the ruddy countenance of the Englishman, as he replied: "Madam, thank God! Do you know, I actually thought it was real!"

Pitcher GROVER ALEXANDER of the "Phillies," who has come to the front so sensationally this season, is like most baseball stars in liking to score off the umpire. In fact, he has a favourite story on the subject. This is it.

Scene: A physician's office.

"Doctor," said the patient, "I'm having trouble with my eyes. My vision is blurred, and I can't recognise my best friend across the street."

"What is your business?" asked the medical man.

"I'm a baseball umpire."

"In that case," said the doctor, "you have no cause for worry whatever. You can see plenty good enough for the umpiring they're doing in the big leagues nowadays."



SENATOR PHELAN of California says that too often the government is more intent on evading the will of the people than on carrying it out. Politicians regard the public as a certain lawyer regarded the law. This lawyer was in consultation with a prospective client.

"What is your fee for legal advice?" inquired the prospective client.

"That depends," replied the lawyer. "If you merely want me to tell you what the law allows you to do, I'll charge you five dollars, but if you want to find out how you can do what the law forbids, and get away with it, my fee is from one hundred dollars up."



GEORGE J. GOULD, who was almost born a railroad man, has never held with old Commodore Vanderbilt's dictum concerning the public. He says he does not believe in the spirit exemplified in this story:

The holiday traffic was at its height, and there were the usual piles of passengers' luggage on the platform of a great railway station. In the usual way, the porters were banging it about, while the owners mournfully looked on.

Suddenly the station-master appeared, and, approaching one of the most vigorous baggage-bashing porters, shouted in stern tones:

"Here, what do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The passengers pinched themselves to make sure that they were not dreaming, but they returned to earth when the official added:

"Can't you see you're making big dents in the concrete platform?"



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, the famous humourist, takes a sly poke at a brother writer in the following scrap of dialogue:

"I see that Harold Tinkle Scribb, the novelist, is pro-German," said Hawkeshaw.

"Where did you see that?" queried Dingleberry.

"Oh, I deduced it from his best-sellers," said Hawkeshaw. "His use of English indicates a deep-seated grudge against those whose language it is."

ORVILLE WRIGHT is held responsible for this more or less neutral story, which probably came by wireless.

A German citizen, who had won a prize in a lottery in the form of a ticket entitling him to a free ride on a *Zeppelin*, was prevented by the sudden declaration of war last year from taking his ride. He took immediate advantage of the crisis, however, to apply for a removal from the Second Landsturm, to which he was normally assigned, to the air-ship corps.

"Have you," asked the recruiting-officer, "any special equipment for service in this department?"

The volunteer solemnly handed over his lottery-ticket.

"If you please," said he, "I am the possessor of this free pass to the air."



THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE, warden of Sing Sing, has been accused of being a sentimentalist. He says he is merely a humanitarian who believes in giving a man a second chance, without regard for his influence or lack of it. The woman in this story he says is a sentimentalist. She was asked by a friend:

"Are you interested in the movement for prison reform?"

"Yes, indeed. So many of our best people are being indicted and convicted nowadays that it's quite necessary to make the prisons more comfortable and homelike," she replied gushingly.

MAY IRWIN is as successful a wife as she is a comedienne, but though she refuses to unveil her domestic system to the white light of publicity, she does admit that the said system is not based entirely on little Johnny's theory.

Little sister had not been well and had been especially trying to small Johnny all day. Finally his patience came to an end.

"Mother," he asked, "don't you want little sister to be a good wife like you when she grows up?"

"Of course," said his mother.

"Well, you make me give everything to her 'cause she's littler'n me. But you're littler'n father, and when he comes home you say: 'Here's your slippers and magazine, dear'"—and, before his mother could move, Johnny tore his train of cars from the screaming baby.

"If we don't begin to train her she'll be a terrible wife," he said as he slammed the door.



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, who, like many famous predecessors in literature and the lecture field, has found business too complex for him, admits that he does not understand high finance. Nevertheless, he does not wish to condemn financiers. He says that the popular prejudice expressed in this story is unjust.

Two little boys were talking.

"My pop is a financier," boasted one little boy.

"Well, you needn't brag about it," retorted the boy next door. "I've got an uncle in jail, too."

SHERIFF E. F. KINKEAD, the "fighting sheriff of New Jersey," believes that the law should punish only to reform. It should, he says, show the criminal the error of his ways, as little Billy did for the baby in this story.

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found the baby gleefully pulling small Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy," she cried, "what is the matter with baby?"

"Nothing, muzzer," said Billy, calmly; "only now he knows."



POLICE COMMISSIONER WOODS says that although the Vendetta is supposed to be a purely Italian institution, it is not unknown elsewhere. He explains his meaning by this story.

A singer who recently passed an evening at the house of a lady stayed late. As he rose to go the hostess said:

"Pray, don't go yet, Mr. Basso; I want you to sing something for me."

"Oh, you must excuse me to-night; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbours."

"Never mind the neighbours," answered the lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD of the British navy is a great sportsman. In his younger days he had the reputation of being as willing to fight with a London cabby as the average French or German military officer is to challenge another to a duel. Neither is he afraid of Bobbies, as the London guardians of the peace are called. One of the popular stories about him runs something like this:

He and the Duke of Portland were standing on a street corner in London one day when Lord Beresford was particularly struck with the strutting of a very important Bobby across the street. Calling a seedy looking individual, he said:

"I'll give you half-a-crown if you will go over and knock that Bobby's hat off."

The seedy looking one immediately crossed the street and knocked off the hat in a most artistic and inspired manner and then rejoined the two others on the pavement. The irate Bobby, picking up his hat, crossed close behind him.

"Who are you?" he demanded of the Duke.

"I am the Duke of Portland, and you will find me at"—giving his number.

"And you?" he demanded of the next one.

"Lord Charles Beresford of the British navy, and my address is," so and so.

"And you?" said the Bobby, grimly turning to the grand executive of the scheme.

"I?" said the seedy looking individual, inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and casting a superior glance at his colleagues, "I am de

Prince of Wales, an' you all knows where youse can find me."



BERNARD SHAW, speaking of the exploitation of labour by capital, says that even when labour has the law on its side, it can not get justice. It reminds him of this story:

A small special constable when on top of a tram-car was requested by the conductor to come down to deal with a man who was inclined to be abusive. Reluctantly, the special constable complied with the request, but found himself confronted by a huge navy about 6 feet 6 inches high and 4 feet broad.

"There he is," said the conductor. "He won't pay his fare."

The small special constable reflected, and then remarked sadly: "Well, I suppose I must pay it for him."



PROFESSOR BAKER, of Harvard, who has taught half of our successful young dramatists their business, thinks that a college may have some practical value. He does not agree with the old-fashioned parent in this story, who was asked:

"Are you going to send your son back to college this fall?"

"Might as well. It doesn't cost much more to let him loaf there than it does at home," growled the father.

Mrs. ALICE DUER MILLER, the suffragist leader, says that too often in the past marriage has been a failure because of a lack of basic congeniality and common interests between husband and wife. Too often married people looked on marriage as did Mrs. Atkins' cook.

Mrs. Atkins, dissatisfied with the number of times one man came to see her cook, spoke to her about it. "When I engaged you, Martha," she said, "you told me you had no man friends. Now whenever I come into the kitchen I find the same man here."

"Bress yo', ma'am," smiled Martha, "dat niggah ain't no fren' ob mine."

"No friend? Then who is he?"

"He's ma husban'."



IRVIN COBB is the best and the best known raconteur of negro dialect stories in New York, and this is one of his stories.

Uncle Mose aspired to the elective office of justice of the peace in the "black bottom" part of town. One bar there was to his preferment: he could neither read nor write. His master advised him to go to the commissioner of elections and ask whether he was eligible. Mose went and returned.

"What did he tell you, Mose?" inquired the master.

"It's all right, sah," answered Mose; "dat gen'lemun suttinly was kind, yas, suh. He tole me Ah was illegible fo' dat office."

SIR HENRY LUCY, better known as "Toby, M. P." of *Punch*, who has won fame and fortune through his depiction of the humorous side of English life, recently related a story heard in the country.

"There's a church near," said the country farmer to his paying guest; "not that I ever puts my nose in it."

"Anything the matter with the vicar?"

"Well, it's this way. I sold the old vicar milk and eggs and butter and cheese, and seeing as he patronised me I patronised 'im. But this new chap keeps 'is own cow and 'ens. 'If that's your game,' I thought, 'we'll 'ave 'ome-grown religion too.'"



MISS MOLLA BJURSTEDT, the spectacular Norwegian tennis champion, recently hearing some one give an alibi for losing a game, pointed out the dangers of excuses. She instanced the case of little Molly.

Little Molly had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl to-morrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper.

Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely:

"Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."



MARY AUSTIN, the authoress, tells an amusing story of the results of misdirected charity.

A philanthropic New York woman was entertaining, in the spacious grounds of her suburban residence, a large number of East-Side children. On her rounds of hospitality she was impressed with one strikingly beautiful little girl. She could not have been more than nine years old, but her coal-black eyes flashed with intelligence. The hostess introduced herself and began a conversation.

"Does what you see here to-day please you?" she asked.

The child eyed her host in silence.

"Talk away," said the lady. "Don't be afraid."

"Tell me," then said the child, "how many children have you got?"

Astonished at the question, the lady hesitated for a moment, and then entered into the fun of the situation.

"Ten," she replied.

"Dear me," answered the child, "that is a very large family. I hope you are careful and look after them. Do you keep them all clean?"

"Well, I do my best."

"And is your husband at work?"

"My husband does not do any kind of work. He never has."

"That is very dreadful," replied the little girl earnestly, "but I hope you keep out of debt."

The game had gone too far for Lady Bountiful's enjoyment of it.

"You are a very rude and impertinent child," she burst out, "to speak like that, and to me."

The child became apologetic. "I'm sure I didn't mean to be, ma'am," she explained. "But mother told me before I came that I was to be sure to speak to you like a lady, and when any ladies call on us, they always ask us those questions."



STUYVESANT FISH, the New York banker, has a great dislike of ostentatious charity. Too often, he says, it reminds him of the case of Mrs. Binks, of whom one of her neighbours said:

"Mrs. Binks says she never turns a hungry man away from her door."

"Is she so charitable?"

"Not exactly. She always asks them if they're hungry enough to saw wood for their dinner, and they always say 'No.'"



DR. ABRAHAM FLEXNER, the famous bacteriologist, says that while medicine offers a great opportunity for a young man, it is no get-rich-quick profession. The apprenticeship is long and arduous, and this story of a young medico is typical of many.

"You have a fine waiting room here," remarked a friend as he inspected the young doctor's new office.

"Yes," replied the embryo physician, "but the trouble is I'm the one who has to do all the waiting."

SENATOR HELEN RING ROBINSON of Colorado, though a legislator is still a housewife, and she tells this tale of the servant question.

"Ay tank Ay skol have reference," remarked the cook who had just been informed that her services were no longer needed.

"Very well, Hilda," said her mistress. Then she sat down and wrote the following:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"This is to certify that Hilda Swanson has been in my employ for three weeks. She might have remained longer, but we felt that we could not afford to keep her."

"Why did you write that?" asked the man of the house after the cook had departed.

"Why not?" replied his wife. "It's true, isn't it? We couldn't afford to buy new dishes every week for her to smash."



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, known over the world as a teller of good stories in print, is equally good as an after-dinner raconteur. This is one of his briefer anecdotes of child-life.

Hoping to be the first to relate some unwelcome news, the youth rushed into the house and said:

"Father, I had a fight with Percy Raymond today."

"I know you did," replied the father soberly. "Mr. Raymond came to see me about it."

"Well," said the son, "I hope you came out as well as I did."



**GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER** tells this one:

A club of eccentric young men had for one of their rules that on Tuesday evenings any man who asked a question which he was unable to answer himself, should pay a fine of ten dollars.

One evening McLoughlin asked the following:

"Why doesn't a ground-squirrel leave any dirt around the top of his hole when he digs it?"

After some deliberation McLoughlin was called on to answer his own question. "That's easy," said he; "the squirrel starts at the bottom and digs up."

"All very nice," suggested a member, "but how does he get to the bottom?"

"Well," answered McLoughlin, "that's your question."

AMBASSADOR SHARP, at present representing the United States in France, while he is a good American, says that he thinks something may be said in favour of the Continental marriage system. At least, it prevents the possibility of such a contretemps as happened to a young friend of his.

The young man had gained his bride by an elopement. A few months after the marriage, he met an old friend.

"And when you eloped with the girl," asked the friend, "did her father follow you?"

"Did he?" said the young man. "Rather! He's living with us yet!"

GUGLIELMO MARCONI, the great inventor, father of the wireless telegraph, has gone to Italy to aid his country in the present war crisis, not as a soldier but as an inventor and director. For, as he points out, the civilian is at a disadvantage in military life and the soldier in civil life. He tells a story to illustrate his meaning.

Said the gallant major, "It's glad I am to see ye about again, me dear lady; but what was it that was troubling ye?"

"I was very, very ill, major, through ptomaine-poisoning," the lady replied.

"Dear, dear, now! What with that an' delirium tremens you never know what to eat or drink nowadays," the major sympathised.

HAVELOCK ELLIS, the noted English psychologist, says that man's economic mastery of woman has increased his natural egotism until at times it becomes ridiculous. One man of this type, however, was neatly scored off by a long suffering wife, as is here related.

"Of course I know I have my faults," began the man of the house, "but —"

"But you think they're about twice as admirable as other people's virtues," continued his wife.



SIMEON STRUNSKY, the gentle humourist, though thoroughly urban in his habits, yet likes a rural tale, such as this of a conversation eaves-dropped between two farmers in the busy season.

The first farmer enquired:

"What sort of a hand is that new hired man o' yours, 'Lias? "

"He ain't no hand at all, durn him; he's a sore thumb!" replied the other bitterly.



JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, returning from Europe recently, brought with him this tale gleaned from the trenches.

It was a conversation between two Tommies. One asked the other:

"That's a top-hole pipe, Jerry. Where d'ye get it? "

"One of them German Oolans tried to take me prisoner an' I in'erited it from 'im," said the second soldier.

SAMUEL MERWIN is a student of women, yet he does not claim to understand them. For instance, he says, he could never understand Mrs. Brown, of whom this tale is told.

"They say Mrs. Brown hasn't paid her servants in three months," said a friend.

"Why does she keep so many of them, then?" asked another friend.

"She says she feels it her duty to give employment to as many as possible in these hard times."



AL JENNINGS, evangelist and ex-train robber, is outspoken in his scorn of conventional hypocrisies. Such a hypocrite, he says, was Mrs. Jones, whose maid came to her one Sunday and said:

"The new neighbours want to cut their grass, mum, and they sent over to ask the loan of your lawn-mower."

"Lend them our lawn-mower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't one," said Mrs. Jones.



THEODORE SHONTS, traction magnate, admits that in the past Big Business sometimes overreached itself. It was like the hotel manager at a summer resort. This particular hotel manager, he explained, was told one morning by the desk clerk:

"The guest in No. 206 says he had a nightmare last night."

"Well, charge it on his bill — ten dollars for livery," said the grasping manager.

AMBASSADOR PENFIELD, who has the difficult task of maintaining cordial relations with Austria through the present crisis, says that diplomacy is more in avoiding the wrong remark than choosing the right. The ambassador must avoid such errors as this of Professor Bilks. The professor had been talking shop with a clever lady, and her niece remarked:

"I do think you are clever, aunt, to be able to argue with the professor about sociology."

"I've only been concealing my ignorance, dear," said the lady, whereupon replied Professor Bilks, gallantly, "Oh, no, Miss Knowles. Quite the contrary, I assure you."



EDWARD SHELDON, the playwright, considers this a perfectly neutral war story. The incident occurred in London lately.

The London police-sergeant raised his eyes from the blotter as two policemen propelled the resisting victim before him.

"A German spy, sir!" gasped the first bobby.

"I'm an American, and can prove it," denied the victim.

"That's what he says, but here's the evidence," interrupted the second bobby, triumphantly producing a bulky hotel-register from beneath his arm, and pointing to an entry.

"V. Gates," written in a flowing hand, was the record that met the astonished sergeant's gaze.



**PRESIDENT VAIL** of the American Telephone Company, speaking of the dangers of business, says that one is the inability of the public to distinguish between sound companies and "wildcats." They are in the position of the prospective buyer in the jewellery store.

"If you say this service is solid silver, I suppose I'll have to take your word for it," said the buyer, who was selecting a wedding gift, "but it certainly doesn't look it."

"That's just the beauty of it," replied the salesman. "You can leave that silver service right out in plain sight on your sideboard, and burglars will never touch it."



**GEORGE EBBETS**, the baseball magnate, says that every one tries to tell a baseball manager what he ought to do. While this interest is pleasing in one way, he says, yet some of the officious ones might take a hint from this story.

The incident occurred in a passenger coach.

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," responded the other passenger.

"Meet with an accident?"

"No; broke it while trying to pat myself on the back."

"Great Scott! What for?"

"For minding my own business."

PROFESSOR SCOTT NEARING says there is a parable on labour and capital in this story.

An Alaska pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came up to the captain and said:

"You will have to give me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?"

"Well," the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now, and he won't stand it."



ELIHU ROOT says that a public man must be endlessly vigilant to say only what he means. And even then, he adds, malice may misinterpret him. It may wilfully misunderstand, as this story makes clear.

Said Mrs. Powell—"I have such an indulgent husband!"

"Yes, so Justin tells me; but he sometimes indulges too much, doesn't he?" retorted her neighbour, Mrs. Cameron, spitefully.



ENRICO CARUSO, of the golden voice, has made a nice little fortune from singing for the phonograph, and consequently enjoyed this story.

The father of a family was heard to say:

"I broke some records this afternoon."

"I didn't know you were an athlete," said a friend.

"I'm not, but the next time my daughter undertakes to give a dancing party she'll find there isn't any music to dance to."

MAYOR RALPH of San Francisco says that men need the refining influence of women in public life as much as in private. He says they never really change, at heart, from the state of little Bobby. This is the story of Bobby.

"Bobby," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music-teacher came?"

"Yes'm."

"And your hands?"

"Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well, ma," said Bobby, judicially, "I washed the one that would be next to her."



EX-AMBASSADOR ROBERT BACON, out of a fund of good stories, old and new, lately told this one, which he heard from an old friend of the late General Sherman.

General Sherman once stopped at a country home where a tin basin and roller-towel sufficed for the family's ablutions. For two mornings the small boy of the household watched in silence the visitor's toilet. When on the third day the tooth-brush, nail-file, whisk-broom, etc., had been duly used, he asked: "Say, mister, air you always that much trouble to you'se'f?"



BARNEY OLDFIELD, racing auto driver, grandstander and general good fellow, has got a new motor story.

It concerns a motor fiend who was observed wan-

dering aimlessly around in a department store when the floor-walker approached him.

"Looking for something?" he asked.

"Yes, my wife," replied the man.

"Describe her."

"Well, she's a sort of a limousine with heavy tread, and usually runs on low."



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA, the warrior-executive of the Transvaal, who has recently added German Togoland to the British Empire, thinks that this little story displays the proper spirit for a soldier.

It was at a recruiting office, and the sergeant asked the new recruit:

"And now, my lad, just one more question — are you prepared to die for your country?"

"No, I ain't! That ain't wot I'm j'ining for. I want to make a few of them Germans die for theirs!" the "rookie" retorted instantly.



RALPH PEUGEOT, Vanderbilt Cup competitor and automobile pioneer, says that no man can live a double life for an indefinite period and not be discovered. He instances the case of the soda clerk.

"I'll have an orange phosphate, please," said the girl in the green sweater.

"Light or dark?" asked the soda clerk, whose past life had up to this moment been an unfathomable mystery.

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, sportsman and aviator, is fond of country life, but he says the country can no longer be considered slow and sleepy. In fact, the case of a friend named Jones is not at all remarkable, he states.

Two of Jones's friends were discussing his strange actions.

"What's Jones's idea in living in the city all summer and going to the country in the winter?" said the first.

"He loves peace and quiet, and that's the only way he can get it," replied the second.



JOSEF HOFFMAN, the virtuoso, is noted for his mastery of musical technique. And yet, he says technique is not the main thing. He tells a story to illustrate the Philistine viewpoint which is fatal to true music.

It was at an amateur musicale, and the hostess's daughter played.

"Your daughter plays the piano beautifully," said a guest.

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, if I didn't see her fingers hit the keys, I'd swear it was one of those mechanical pianos."



"LUCILE," LADY DUFF-GORDON, creator of beautiful fashions for beautiful women, declares that no one, not even the great designers, can tell

what styles will take, before they are launched. She quotes this conversation to illustrate.

"What darn fool fashion will the women take up next?" asked the man who doesn't like the things they are wearing now.

"If I were a good enough guesser to predict that," replied his friend, "I'd be a multi-millionaire inside of six months."



ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, son of the "Great Emancipator" and also President of the Pullman Company, while he knows the value of system, says it is sometimes overdone. He heard of a case in point.

A mining-stock promoter rushed into his office one day in a state of great agitation, and cried to his chief clerk:

"Where can I hide? The police are coming!"

"Get into the card-index case. I defy any one to find anything in there," said the chief clerk.



DARIO RESTA, one of the new "speed-kings," had a friend, he says, who had built great hopes on an invention. But later, when asked about it, he acknowledged sadly:

"My shock-absorber was a failure."

"How so? It looked all right," said the enquirer.

"Couldn't manufacture it cheaply enough."

"I see. It wouldn't absorb the shock caused by the announcement of the price."



**ARTHUR B. REEVE** creator of the "Scientific Detective," Craig Kennedy, and head of a quite new school of detective fiction, began his writing career as a reporter, like many other successful fiction writers; but he declares this happened to a friend, not to himself:

A testy old woman concluded a rebuke to a reporter, who had been obliged to interview her concerning her domestic difficulties, "There now! I guess you won't go around poking your nose into other people's business after the raking I just gave you."

"Well, don't get proud about it, madam; you didn't hurt my feelings much. I've been insulted by experts," said the reporter soothingly.

"CHICK" EVANS, golf champion and good sportsman, admits that he is in some respects a conservative. As to men's dress, for instance; and yet, he says, the men may be driven to sartorial extremes.

Take the case of the husband who, on seeing his wife's new pannier hoopskirt, said:

"Do you mean to say you're going to wear that rig out in the street?"

"Why, of course. Why not?" asked the wife.

"Well, I'll give you fair warning. If you do, I'll wear a sport shirt," was the husband's ultimatum.



COMMISSIONER FETHERSTON, head of the New York street cleaning department, says that a public official has as many bosses as there are voters. In fact, he is worse off than little Willie, in this story:

"I wish I was a man," said little Willie gloomily.

"Why?" asked his Uncle George.

"'Cause a man's only got his wife to boss him around. I've got Pa and Ma and my teacher all bossing me."



VILHALMJUR STEFANSSON, the Canadian arctic explorer who was given up for lost last year, and proved himself alive this summer, once told a story to explain why arctic explorers take such ter-



rible risks. No man lives forever, he said, so the explorer is like the man who was asked:

"Why do you persist in playing cards with Juggins? He always wins your money."

"I know, but if he didn't win it he'd borrow it, so I might as well get a little fun out of it," replied the other apologetically.



FRANCIS OUIMET, youngest of golf champions, speaking of the careers open to ex-athletes, brought forward this one.

A curious bystander said to a sporting promoter one day:

"I never hear of Walker, the pedestrian, any more. What's become of him?"

"He's working for a real estate concern, establishing records between the houses they sell and the station. When they tell a man a house is ten minutes' walk from the station, they are in a position to prove it," said the promoter sadly.



DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON is an advocate of modern methods and the abolition of mummary and secrecy in medicine. Nevertheless, he says, it is better that the public should be taught mainly preventive measures, leaving curative work as before to the professionals. He says he understands the state of mind of the fellow-practitioner, who was observed hastening from his office, and questioned by his wife. To her he explained.

"Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once."

"What is the matter with the boy?" asked his wife.

"I do not know," said the doctor, "but Mrs. Brown has a book on what to do before the doctor comes, and I must hurry up before she does it."



GOVERNOR HIRAM JOHNSON of California at a banquet recently told this anecdote.

An Irish chauffeur in San Francisco, who had been having trouble with numerous small boys in the neighbourhood of his stand, discovered one day on examining his car that there was a dead cat on one of the seats. In his anger he was about to throw the carcass into the street, when he espied a policeman.

Holding up the carcass, he exclaimed: "This is how I am insulted. What am I to do with it?"

"Well, don't you know? Take it straight to headquarters, and if it is not claimed within a month it becomes your property."



COLE BLEASE, late governor of Kentucky, once related this anecdote of one of his predecessors in office.

When Proctor Knott, now dead, was governor of Kentucky, an influential citizen of a mountain county in the eastern end of the state was convicted

of manslaughter and sentenced to serve a term of years in prison.

Having an aversion to going to prison the mountaineer brought pressure to bear upon the executive office with a view to securing a pardon. His enemies were equally active in fighting his petition, and they set on foot a movement to convince the pardoning power that he was a menace to the peace of the community and belonged behind steel bars.

One day the governor received a letter written personally by the convicted man. It began as follows:

"Deer Gov — If you've heared what I've heared you've heared you've heared a lie."



KARL WEILMAN pitches for one of the St. Louis teams in the Big Leagues. As might be guessed from his name he is German.

"Say," demanded an opposing batsman one day in the spring, "why don't you go back to Germany and fight for the Fatherland?"

"Who, me?" demanded Karl. "Not on your life! Did the Kaiser send anybody over here to help me last fall when I was pitching in all those tough double-headers?"

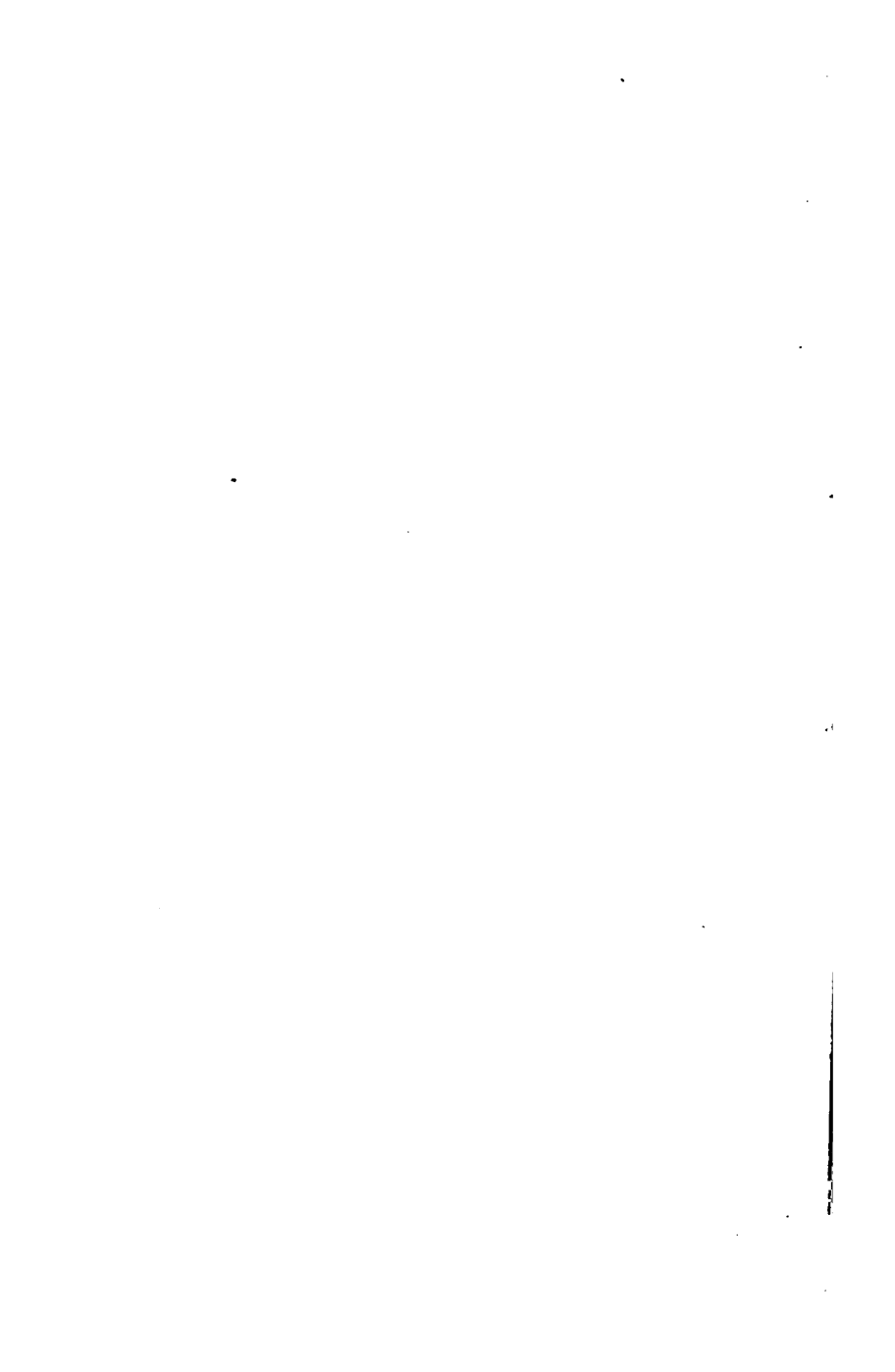


CHARLES HANSON TOWNE is the hero of this incident, which occurred at a recent and very bad first night in a New York theatre. That is to say, the night was a good night as nights go in New





# Some Stories



York during the theatrical season, but the play that had been offered was bad.

At the end of the second act the long-suffering audience was about ready to quit. A few got up to go and others followed, until the aisles became congested.

Charles Hanson Towne arose in his place well down front.

"Wait!" he called out in a clear, loud tone, "women and children first!"



As GRANTLAND RICE tells the story, a certain distinguished English actor, whom we may safely call Jones-Brown, plays a persistent but horrible game of golf. During a recent visit to this country the actor in question occasionally visited the links of a well-known country club in Westchester County, near New York.

After an especially miserable showing of inaptness one morning, he flung down his driver in disgust.

"Caddy," he said, addressing the silent youth who stood alongside, "that was awful, wasn't it?"

"Purty bad, sir," stated the boy.

"I freely confess that I am the worst golfer in the world," continued the actor.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir," said the caddy soothingly.

"Did you ever see a worse player than I am?"

"No, sir, I never did," confessed the boy truthfully; "but some of the other boys was tellin' me



yistiddy about a gentleman that must be a worse player than you are. They said his name was Jones-Brown."



When BOZEMAN BULGER lived in Birmingham, Alabama, that city boasted of two jails — a small city jail, commonly known as the Little Red Brick, and a county jail, which was called the Big Rock. In Birmingham at that time was a lawyer who made a specialty of defending darkies.

According to Bulger, an aged negro stumped into this practitioner's office one morning. His son was in jail and he wanted the white man to get him out.

The lawyer figured from the old negro's appearance that he could not count upon an especially affluent client.

"All right, Uncle," he said, "I reckon I can take the case and get your boy out for about — let me see? — for about ten dollars. Got the money with you?"

"I suttinly has," answered the old man, and he produced a roll of bills big enough to choke a calf. The counsellor took one look at that delectable dark-green bundle.

"Hold on, Uncle," he said. "Is that boy of yours locked up in the Little Red Brick?"

"Naw, suh," said the old man; "he's in de Big Rock."

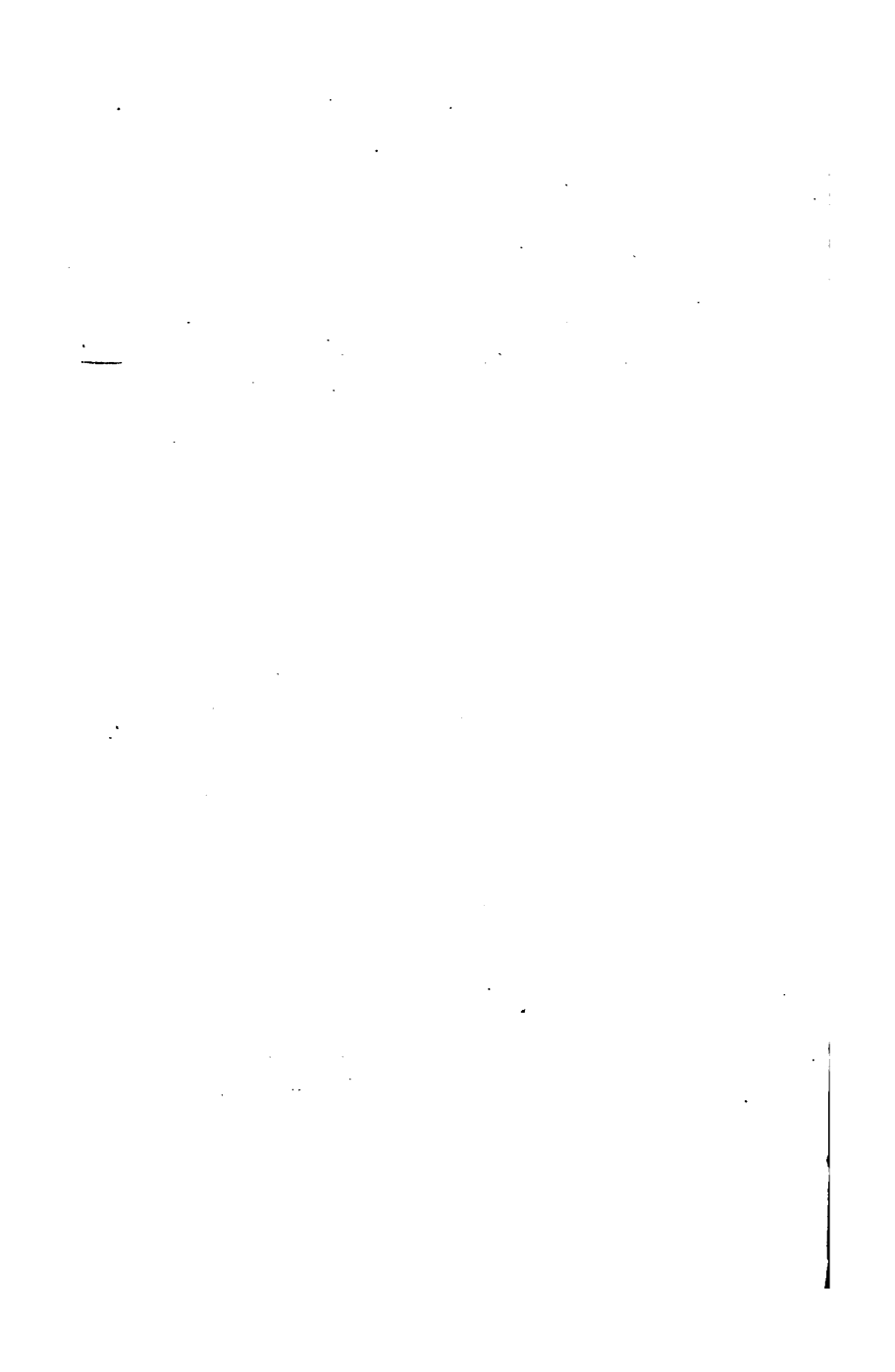
"Oh, I thought he was in the Little Red Brick," said the lawyer. "To get him out of the Big Rock will cost at least fifty dollars."

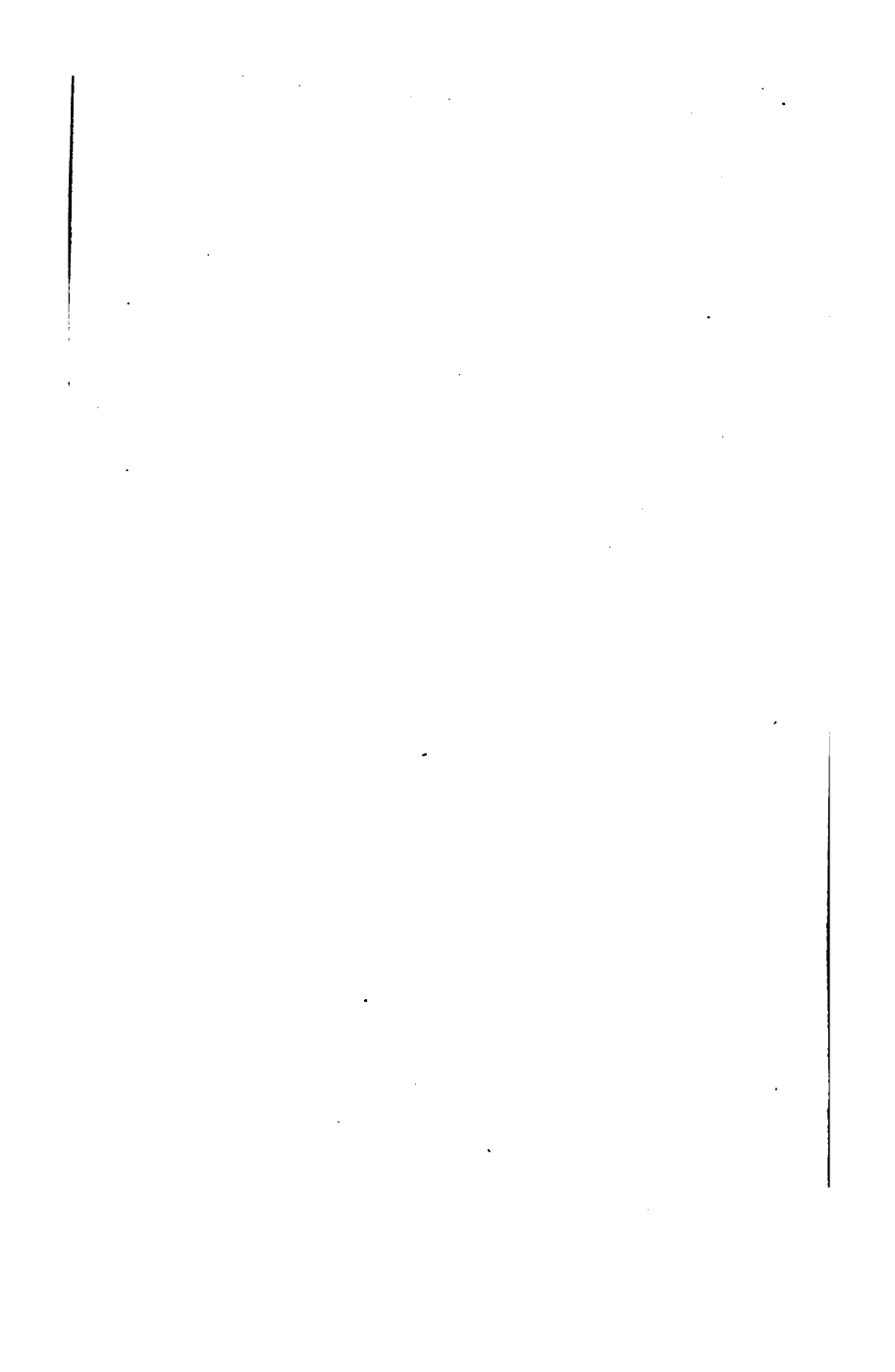
There used to be a brilliant but erratic left-handed pitcher in the National League—he is dead now—who changed teams frequently because of his habits. He would drink beer—a great deal of beer. Finally he joined the New York Giants, a provision of the contract being that he stay away from neighbourhoods where schooners foamed. He kept the pledge a long time—for him; he kept it nearly two weeks. Then he began slipping away from his hotel at nights and breaking training.

The late John T. Brush was the principal owner of the Giants at that time. Despairing of trusting in the pitcher's pledges, he struck upon the expedient of hiring a private detective to trail the thirsty southpaw in his nocturnal wanderings and keep tabs on him. At the end of the first week the detective had a report to make. Before hearing it Mr. Brush had the accused summoned to his private office in order that he might be heard in his own defence.

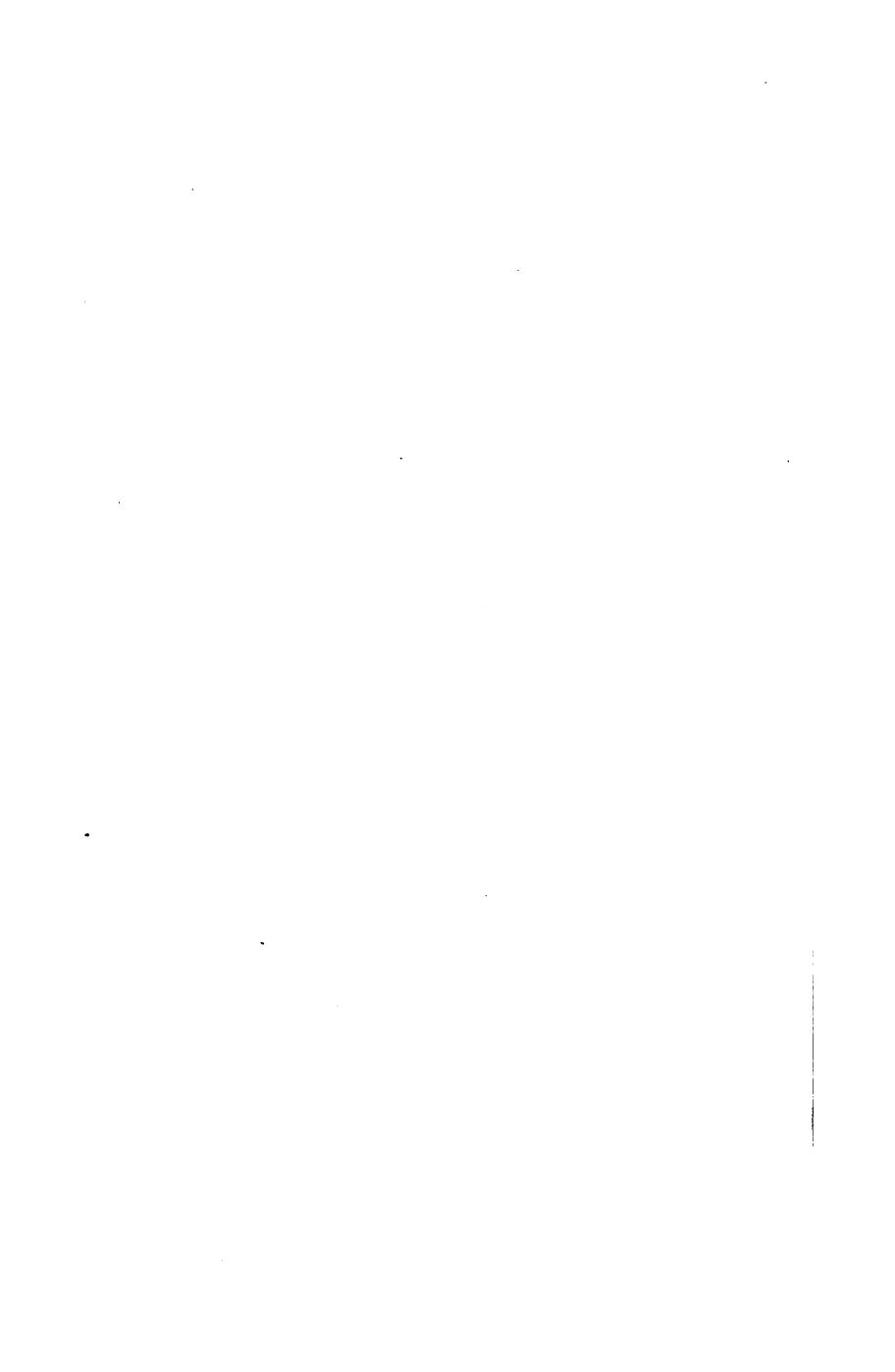
The detective began reading from his notes: "Last night I followed Mr. Blank"—naming the offender—"to a saloon at such and such a number on Sixth Avenue. He drank four beers there and ate a dish of spring onions at the free-lunch counter. He then went to a saloon on the opposite corner. He had six more beers and ate some more onions. He then ——"

"Mr. Brush," broke in the southpaw indignantly, "that guy's handin' you a pack of lies—I didn't eat a single onion!"









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